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SAMUEL MANNERING poised his hand over the chessboard, and his eyes gleamed happily as he picked up a pawn and advanced it another rank. "Laugh that off!" he muttered jubilantly, and sat back in his chair.

Mr. Mannering had no actual opponent, so was obliged to manipulate the opposite forces as well as his own. When Black's turn came he discarded his own personality, assumed that of a mythical opponent, and strove earnestly to invest Black's replies with the utmost hostility.

He was constantly bemoaning the fact that he had no one in the town with whom he could play chess. He was perforce obliged to play over in the seclusion of his sanctum, games of the masters, or to try out, on an imaginary opponent, some of the traps and pitfalls into which his fifty years' experience assured him the unwary could be lured.

Consequently surveying the board from Black's point of view, he could see no possibility of Black being able to "laugh it off," so, immeasurably pleased with the result of the coup he had essayed, he put board and men away and passed out through the store to the street.

During the past fortnight there had been activity in the three shops directly opposite Mannering's Emporium. These shops had been vacant for months, and Samuel, beyond a feeling of pity for the optimists who evidently thought they could make money there, had shown scant interest in the changes that were being effected. But to-day, Mr. Mannering's interest quickened.

"Opposition, eh?" Samuel grunted as he read the notices placarded over the shops across the street. The town was informed that no expense had been spared in converting the three shops into one, and that when Scott's Bargain Centre threw open its doors on the following Monday, other bargain stores would pale into insignificance.

Samuel thought of the forty years Mannering's had been established. Thought with pride of its steady growth from a one-roomed shop to its present standing of Universal Providers, and shook his head sadly over Scott's chances of success.

Mannering's was well entrenched, and Samuel felt sorry for any who were foolish enough to compete with it.

Scott's was Percival Barwon Scott, aged thirty, height six feet, slimly built, self-possessed, and confident. Since leaving school his lot had been one of comparative poverty. By trade a shop assistant, by instinct a gambler, his liking for which had disposed of all his earnings until, six months previously, a remote relation had departed this life, benefiting the young man to the extent of five thousand pounds.

At this unexpected windfall, his friends confidently predicted that Percival B. Scott would live up to his reputation as a spendthrift; but no, for Scott, at the same time as he acquired wealth, seemed also to acquire a new modicum of wisdom. The ultimate result of this new-found sagacity was Scott's Bargain Centre.

The concourse that swarmed impatiently outside Scott's, and fought with each other in their effort to



"Get out of this if you can," chuckled Mr. Mannering, after another lightning swoop.

be first inside on the opening day, induced Percival B. Scott to congratulate himself upon his sound judgment, and at the end of the first week, there being no apparent diminution in the boom Scott's was enjoying, his satisfaction increased.

The day after Scott's opening, Mr. Mannering perambulated to and fro outside his own establishment, thereby hoping that his customers would be shamed into staying away from the Bargain Centre while he was looking on. But after a few days he was forced to admit that the charm of Scott's brightly lighted windows and the persuasive and gaily printed price tickets

proved too much for the town's cupidity. Even the farmers' wives and daughters, after placing their usual order with "Mannering's," would saunter across to Scott's—just to look at the windows—and invariably would end up by purchasing some of the so-called bargains.

Each day, some new attraction appeared in Scott's windows. But Percival was obliged continually to whet customers' appetites, as each little dodge produced so much business, and no more. Samuel was not without sympathy for his rival. "It's just as if he'd fallen into one of my little chess traps," he muttered one morning as he beheld Mr. Scott superintending a window display. First, Percival laid a square of lino, a check pattern, for all the world like a huge chessboard. On this were placed rows of strange-looking stands, some white, some

black. Glass shelves were put in, goods were displayed on the shelves, and showcards placed in position. On the outside of the window, above head height, one of Scott's staff pasted up a sign which caused Samuel's eyes to pop open in wonderment and disbelief. It read "CHESS."

In a daze, Samuel watched Mr. Scott and his assistants survey the effect from outside, and then, with the air of a job well done, return inside to their respective duties.

Mr. Mannering had not been across the street for months, but now that sign with its magic name, drew him irresistibly.

His short, fat legs gathered momentum as he perceived that the lino square WAS a huge chessboard, and that the strange look-

ing stands were chessmen of giant stature. Smaller sets were dotted invitingly here and there on the shelves.

Digging in to the several notices displayed, Mr. Mannering saw clearly that Percival was gently chiding the town for its lack of appreciation of the arts. What, asked Scott's, was chess but Art; the highest form of Art. Chess was booming elsewhere. Was this town prepared to forgo education in this fine art and pastime, which other (and lesser) towns had taken up with commendable enthusiasm?

In Scott's opinion, a chess club in the town was not only highly desirable, but a real necessity. "Our Mr. Scott, himself a player of no mean ability, is eager and willing to explain the intricacies of the game to all who desire tuition. This service will be absolutely free, and, in addition (to start the ball rolling), Mr. Scott will make a donation to the chess club (when formed) of one guinea," the notice went on.

It was further obvious that "our Mr. Scott" knew all that was to be known about chess sets, having personally selected the sets displayed, and that could be construed as another concrete example of Scott's keen buying for the public benefit.

Missing none of the specious reasoning of Percival B. Scott, Samuel conceived an admiration for the young man at this evidence of his interest in the noble game. Also, and this was of greater moment, Percival played.

Mr. Mannering paused but a moment, and then, as if determined to tread down anything or anyone that barred his progress, set foot inside Scott's for the first time.

Striving quite unsuccessfully to hide his surprise, First Assistant Drapery came forward.

"Where's your boss?" growled Samuel.

"Mr. Scott, sir?" asked F.A.D.

"You wish to see him?"

"And to talk to him," said Samuel.

The Queen's Expedition

Every assistant in the place, while making a pretence of working, was edging closer, eyes and ears wide open. Had old Samuel come to offer a price for Scott's? ran their thoughts.

Unaccountably, First Assistant Drapery lingered, and Mr. Mannering gave him a withering look, saying: "You go and get your boss, and step lively."

In the face of this belligerent attitude, F.A.D. lost no time in going, and personally returned to lead Samuel to the office. Mr. Scott would see him.

Percival emerged from his office as Samuel approached. He smiled brightly and held out a welcoming hand.

"This is a great pleasure, Mr. Mannering," he said cordially.

Without hesitation, Samuel took the hand, pumped it up and down, and measured the young man with a stern eye.

"I'm obliged to you, but it mightn't be so much pleasure when I'm finished with you," he said grimly, as he followed the other into the office. "Two months you've been here, and you never once—"

"Oh, come now, sir," Percival said, "surely you haven't come to pick a quarrel? A little healthy competition—"

"Competition!" snorted Samuel with vigor. "Did I say anything about it? Confound your impudence, young fellow, d'yer think I'm hurt because you've pinched a few dozen of my customers?"

Mr. Scott coughed in embarrassment. "Your pardon, sir, I thought—"

"You thought!" Samuel mimicked. "The trouble with you young fry is that you don't think properly."

"I apologise, sir," said Percival, quietly. "I can see I've grievously misjudged you. As you say, we can be competitors, and still be friends. Friendly antagonists, eh, sir, like opponents over a chessboard?"

"Ha!" Samuel's eyes gleamed as he expanded at the mention of the royal game. "Opponents over a chessboard," he echoed softly. Fixing Percival with a quizzical stare, he asked, "You didn't know that's what brought me over, did you?"

"Chess, sir!" Mr. Scott's eyes opened wide.

"That's what I said. Chess. In that all bunkum about your playing, and willing to teach this town that chess is good for its soul, or its indigestion, or whatever it is good for?"

"It's not bunkum, sir. I do play, and I do intend to try to teach those

who desire to learn. Chess interests you, Mr. Mannering?"

"More than anything at this moment, business not excepted," Samuel replied.

"I call that great, sir," Percival smiled broadly. "I take it, you're thinking of getting me to give you a few lessons—"

Mr. Mannering nearly exploded.

"Give ME a few lessons? Ha, ha," he chortled, and pointed a pudgy finger at Mr. Scott. "I like that," he went on vehemently. "Fifty years I've been playing chess, my young cock sparrow, and it wouldn't surprise me one iota if I could give you a few lessons. I want you to PLAY me. That's what, and I also want to know why you didn't tell me before that you played. Two months you've been here—"

"But I didn't know you played, sir," laughed Percival.

"You could ask, couldn't you? You've got a tongue in your head."

"So've you, too, sir, if you don't mind me mentioning it."

Samuel subsided. "Well, it's a pity we didn't know, that's all," he went on. "I've been trying to get this town to take up chess for twenty years, but would they do it? Not them. Huh!" he snorted in disgust. "But it doesn't matter, now you're here. That is, if you're willing to give me a game now and then. Are you on?"

"It will be a pleasure, Mr. Mannering," said Percival. "If you'll name a night, I'll try to make it fit in."

"What's wrong with now?" said Samuel eagerly. "You've got plenty of men and boards, or, if you'd rather, I'll slip across for mine."

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VIM
Polishes as it
cleans...
Keeps pots and
pans shining

A LIVER PRODUCT 7-109-21

Summer time
is danger
time!

KILL FLIES and
MOSQUITOES with
FLY-TOX

British Chief

THE SMART COTTON FABRIC THAT SERVES WITH THE COLOURS

ESCAPADE IN MARTINIQUE

By...

**WILLIAM
KRAUSS**

HE had not expected the girl on the jetty in Fort Royal. That she should be there to meet him was a circumstance altogether unforeseen. She came quickly, with little steps, through the press of yammering negroes, and, surprisingly, walked directly to him, stopping before him with a curious planted stiffness, her slender face cool and impassive, bland.

She said, "Your pardon, *messire*—you are Blaise Lorrain?"

There was, of course, only one answer: "Yes." And he looked at the girl with an open stare that he would have considered, in another, ungracious.

His survey was thorough. She was a girl above the common height; her skin was warmly brown and her eyes held an astonishing blueness. But it was her hair that principally caught and kept his attention. Without any kind of doubt it was the loveliest hair he had ever seen.

Blaise Lorrain gaped at her with more than a suggestion of interest in his manner. To himself he said, in the silence, under his breath, "And what am I to remark now? Do I know this girl or don't I? What am I to tell her—what greeting?"

But it was she who ended the pause: "Your voyage was pleasant?"

"Pleasant," he said, inclining his head.

"And you seem to be in good health?"

"Oh, I am," he said. "Yes. I think I can assure you that I am in good—the best—health. And you, pray?"

She said in a voice quite flat, neither friendly nor unfriendly, "I am well." And she added: "I suppose you may kiss me now, Blaise Lorrain. That's your privilege, isn't it?" She turned up her expressionless face to him, her lips parted.

Then, strangely, his assurance melted. His mind slipped quite uncharacteristically into a muddle of indecision. He looked at the girl and looked away, as if parrying. His eyes moved over the unfamiliar scene about him: The brig from France, riding at anchor now, sails down; the dancing shallop beside the jetty; the jostle of people on shore.

The girl said, "Well?"

He thought: I do not so much as know her name. This is indeed extraordinary.

But he touched her arms gently at the shoulders and—his misgivings temporarily ignored—kissed her.

She said to him, then, "Naturally you won't expect me to cry out that I love you." She gazed at him evenly. Suddenly she turned her head and glanced along the wharf.

"There's Father," she said bleakly. "Wearing the green linen jacket. Do you see? He will expect you to wave to him."

It was with a sense of fast-mounting uncertainty that the young man called Blaise Lorrain lifted his hand and signed toward the stranger in the green linen jacket. He waved once and forthwith dropped his hand. He looked at the girl. She stared back at him, unsmiling.

"Father will be happy to see you," she said tonelessly.

I wonder, thought the young man; and he shrugged—so to speak—mentally.

The beginning was in Le Havre, in France, on a gray day, beside a noisy wharf. The ship *Renne*, in the West Indian service, had completed loading. It would be possible to sail on the evening tide. And at four o'clock or thereabouts a passenger, a young man named Blaise Lorrain, came aboard with a scuffed leather travelling case and was conducted to his cabin.

His name meant nothing to anyone—Blaise Lorrain. He had told the captain that he was from the low country north of Rouen. He was haggard and ill, his eyes deep-sunk.



Caroline choked back a cry as Poussin's blade fell to the ground.

sweet comforts of Paris for the precise reason that he had spent rather more money than he was entitled to. Certain relatives, including the reluctant vicomtesse, had settled his debts for him and strongly recommended that he taste life in the colonies for a period.

In a distant colony, the conclave of aunts and uncles agreed.

Martinique, for instance; there was the ship *Renne* scheduled to sail so conveniently soon from Le Havre—

Now he sat deep in his chair in the captain's cabin with an expression of intense preoccupation on his strong brown face; and the captain said, to end a silence that seemed to him awkward, "Another brandy, *messire*?"

The young man waved his hand. "Tell me about this Lorrain," he demanded.

The captain shrugged. "He did not impress me. He was quite obviously nobody."

Nicolas de Goncourt stared into space. He listened to the whining

discord of the ship's timbers. The captain sat patiently; and after a while the young man said, "Hark to me, *Bec-Prudhomme*—" earnestly, elbows on knees. "I am going to offer you a sum of money and it is my intention to demand a favor—"

"*Messire*." This: Nicolas de Goncourt died to-day on your ship and to-day was thrust into the sea. It shall be Blaise Lorrain—that was the name, Blaise Lorrain—who lands on the wharf in Fort Royal, in Martinique."

"*Messire*—" The word was a question.

"Because I prefer it to be that way. The reason should not be obscure to you, captain; you who are a man of the world." Here Nicolas de Goncourt paused; here the captain smiled faintly. "You are aware that de Pouancey, who governs Martinique, is my mother's brother. I should be under his eye, his surveillance; in effect, his guardianship. Revolting thought. It pleases me, rather, to go ashore as Blaise Lorrain. In that name, for a while at least, *les freedoms*."

"But will not M de Pouancey know you?"

"He has not seen me in a dozen years."

"Your family, though. They will insist upon an inquiry."

"Aunts, uncles, cousins! They'll not trouble themselves too much, believe me."

The captain tugged at his beard and frowned. "I hesitate to say so, *messire*; yet this might involve me in a certain difficulty—"

"I spoke of a sum of money, Captain."

Captain Arouet *Bec-Prudhomme* smiled his somehow faintly unpleasant smile, and he nodded.

THIS M Edouard Vauban, father of the girl, was elderly and very wide. He pushed across the sunny jetty of Fort Royal until he stood squarely between Nicolas de Goncourt and the girl. "You would be Blaise Lorrain," he said, and did not wait for an answer. He proceeded wittily to introduce himself with an air of conscious formality.

"I am Edouard Vauban. This is my daughter Caroline. But I see that you have already met."

The girl said, "I saw M Lorrain in the boat coming ashore from the ship. So I spoke to him."

"Of course," the older man said, smiling. "Your luggage is still in the ship? No matter. My servants will attend to it. Come; my carriage is in the Savane. You'll want a bath and perhaps an hour's rest before luncheon—though I must say you look quite fit."

"Oh, yes; quite fit, thank you."

"Your uncle wrote me that you'd been seriously ill."

"Did he, now?" Nicolas de Goncourt said. He lifted his hands in a minimising gesture. "Uncle exaggerated."

"H'mm," M. Vauban said by way of comment. "I've often felt your uncle worried too much."

"Exactly," Nicolas de Goncourt said, his eyes on the girl.

They left the jetty and walked to the wide Savane with its noble stand of royal palms; and they entered the carriage of Edouard Vauban and rapidly crossed the city, mounting to the low hills. This was Nicolas de Goncourt told himself, a theatrical situation; and he was not at all sure that he liked it. A jest was a jest, but it might easily be carried too far—

What had there been between the Frenchman Blaise Lorrain and this girl of the West Indian colony? That she had not known Blaise Lorrain by sight was, of course, obvious; and it was further obvious that there was something about Blaise Lorrain that she disliked, rather bitterly disliked.

M Vauban broke into the young man's disordered thoughts. "There is my house," he announced, indicating with a finger. The house was long, low, porticoed, with the deep windows of the tropics; a substantial place, white in the sun.

The carriage stopped abruptly. Old Vauban descended. He said, over his shoulder, "I've assumed that you'll stay with us. Eh? The inns of Fort Royal are atrocious, take my word for it." He laughed extravagantly but briefly.

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Escapade in Martinique

Continued from page 3

THE young man thought: I shall tell him now. And he will offer me his carriage for the return to the jetty and the thing will be finished. This is the time to tell him—

But the instant's opportunity passed. The old man interrupted the silence. He said: "The wedding will be at your convenience. Shall we say in about two weeks' time? You will want to discuss it with my daughter."

"The wedding!" thought Nicolas de Goncourt. So—

The old man turned away and walked toward the broad steps of the house, and Caroline Vauban said, low but audibly, with an almost fierce accent of misery in her voice: "The wedding will be at your convenience, naturally—it is for you to say, M. Lorrain!"

Nicolas de Goncourt looked toward her quickly. He saw the constriction of her throat and the uncontrolled quivering of her lips. Then, suddenly, she was crying—crying openly and angrily, and her hands were lifted so tightly clenched that he thought for an instant she was about to strike him.

But she dropped her hands and turned from him; she jumped down from the carriage and ran toward the house.

They drank small cups of black island coffee on the verandah of M. Vauban's house after dinner, and at nine o'clock Vauban rose heavily from his chair. He would, he said, retire now; he was weary; but if they wished to sit for a while, to watch the night sky—

"Yes," Nicolas de Goncourt said; "for a while." He looked at the girl; she kept her eyes cast down in rigid silence. After a minute old Vauban murmured good-night and went into the house.

Low night sounds flowed up from the town, accenting the quiet. Nicolas de Goncourt leaned toward the girl. "Why do you hate me?" he said softly.

She raised her eyes, then. "I don't suppose I do."

"But you do. You very plainly do."

"You misunderstand."

He shook his head. "I misunderstand nothing. You hate me. Because I have come here to marry you."

She said, almost whispering: "I hate the thought that you have been brought here to marry me. But I must be fair to you," she went on. "I hate the thing—not you. I hate what you represent."

"What do I represent?"

"The contract between my father and your uncle."

"I begin to understand," he said. "I wonder you don't hate me, too," Caroline Vauban said.

He watched the sweet, strong curve of her chin, the mobile loveliness of her mouth. "No," he said. "No; it hasn't occurred to me to hate you."

"Because you see it differently. For you this is an adventure. You're not being sold—"

"Ugly word."

"—as I am being sold. To please my father's whim and vanity, to keep a promise made without any thought of what I might feel. And for your money—for your uncle's wealth, which will be yours. Father would like that in the family!"

He said, "You put it very baldly. Surely you give it quite the worst interpretation."

SHE lifted her hands impetuously. "There is no other way to say it." She sat with her back straight, staring at him. "My father was prepared to marry me to you—no matter what you might be. He did not know you; he has not seen you since you were a child. It mattered nothing to him what you might have grown to be."

His voice was mild: "Have I grown up so badly?"

"It's the intention," she cried. "The contract!"

Nicolas de Goncourt bent forward in his chair. "You're a rebellious spirit. Unfortunately, there aren't many like you. Certainly not in France. I feel the most pressing temptation to kiss you again."

She drew away quickly. "Of course," he said. "You're consistent. You would be."

But he stood up and took a step and was beside her chair, and he bent suddenly and kissed her on the lips. Then, as she avoided his eyes, he walked into the house where candles glowed softly. He went up the stairs and to bed.

He slept badly. He woke in the night to a consciousness that she was in his mind, and he said her name: "Caroline." In the darkness he pictured her face, saw again the unhappiness in her eyes, and he knew that he was profoundly moved. It came to him sharply that he had never felt quite this way before. The emotion was something that did not go easily—perhaps would not go at all—into words. He said to himself, almost aloud, in the black room: "Am I in love with Caroline Vauban? Is that it?"

He fell into a heavy sleep in the hour before dawn. It was M. Vauban knocking on the door that awakened him. "Come," M. Vauban called heartily. "Dress. Have breakfast. And we'll go down into the town together. I must introduce you about, you know."

The girl was not at breakfast. The two men sat together at the long table and M. Vauban spoke briskly about the society of Fort Royal, the commerce. "And for the love of heaven," he said, waving a coffee spoon under the nose of Nicolas de Goncourt, "don't talk politics in the town. There's a deal of bitterness here against the monarchy—"

"So?" said Nicolas de Goncourt. "Opposition of interests between the Crown on one side, the landlords and merchants on the other, I'll confess that in this island we're less content with the policies of Louis and his precious Minister, Mazarin—"

"Ah," said Nicolas de Goncourt amiably. "Then I am warned neither to arouse the Royalists nor enchain the communists."

"Precisely."

"You may rest easily. I have no interest in these colonial quarrels," Nicolas de Goncourt zipped his coffee, watching the older man's face. And a vivid sense of the difficulties of his situation flooded him.

Why, he wondered, did he not speak now? It was patently ridiculous to go into the town with old Vauban, to be introduced hither and yon as Blaise Lorrain, fiancé of Caroline Vauban.

But he knew that he must speak with Caroline Vauban before he revealed himself to her father—

They sat at a round table and drank coffee: Nicolas de Goncourt, two merchants of the town, old Vauban, and Jules Poussin, a young man, not twenty-five, son of a planter of sugar and tobacco. The conversation moved, as inevitably it must in that day and in that place, to the colonial taxes of the Crown. Nicolas de Goncourt listened without much attention to the heated condemnation of the policies of Paris. It was young Poussin—red of face now, excited—who thumped the table and declared in a voice altogether unguarded that Louis, King of France, was unprincipled, a tyrant, and, in his private life, brutal and salacious.

Nicolas de Goncourt was, in fact, much more offended by Poussin's manner than by anything he said. He found this excellently dressed colonial a bore and he disliked the size of his mouth. He took it upon himself to say, mildly, "I sympathise with your disapproval of Louis' taxes, monsieur; I should be prepared to defend your right to disapprove. But Louis is King of France. One does not apply to one's King these gutter epithets."

Poussin glared. His lips twitched. Then he said, coldly, "You are recently from France, monsieur. France is an odd place these days, since the civil war was fought and lost. Am I to understand that you are a Royalist bootlicker?"

He was tall; he had massive shoulders. The breed of the bully, Nicolas de Goncourt observed, smiling. Doubtless he'd had some success with the small sword among the gentry of this remote and uncultured island.

"Your manners are churlish, monsieur," he said. He ignored the agitated hand of old Vauban, plucking at his sleeve. "To say the truth, unwholesome. I am ready to accept your apology."

"Bootlicker," Poussin said, and would have continued—

But Nicolas de Goncourt reached across the table and struck Jules Poussin hard on the cheek with the flat of his hand.

"You were mad!" Caroline Vauban said. "Mad!" She drew in her breath with the exasperation of a woman faced anew by the evidence of man's eternal blundering.

"I warned him," M. Vauban said, shrugging helplessly. "I told him that here, in the island, one must be extraordinarily cautious—"

"You did indeed," Nicolas de Goncourt said, looking from M. Vauban to his daughter. "However, I have long held the opinion that caution can be carried to excess. I do not like your M. Poussin. He is a boor, a blusterer, full of vapor. I am perhaps illogically appalled by his lack of humor. And I shall be happy if we refrain from discussing him further."

"But he will kill you!" Caroline Vauban cried.

"I think not."

"He has fought often with the sword—"

"Indeed?"

"While you have been sitting at the high counter in your uncle's bureau! He knows that. He knows who you are, what you are, where you come from. He can—and will—kill you!"

Caroline left with a quick, agitated step; and the silence and dimness of evening gathered on the verandah. When a minute had passed, Nicolas de Goncourt said, "M. Vauban—may I use your carriage tomorrow morning? The meeting is set for six o'clock."

"Let me go with you."

"I'd rather not."

"But—"

"I should prefer to go alone."

Accordingly, just after five o'clock next morning, Nicolas de Goncourt descended the stairs, buckling on his sword, feeling the tightness of his gloves; the verandah was in shadow but the morning sun glinted on the higher hills.

Please turn to page 31



Fresh as a Spring Breeze

That's you when you use Liquid Odo-ro-no which you need use as little as once a week.

Every woman must decide for herself just how often she must use Odo-ro-no (for physical control varies) . . . but regularity of use guarantees infallible results. Develop the regular habit of Odo-ro-no, and dismiss the threat of perspiration for a week or more.

Odo-ro-no is a doctor's prescription. It comes in two strengths: "Regular", the most effective perspiration check ever made, and "Instant", milder for women with especially sensitive skin.



ODO-RO-NO

1/2, 2/2, and 3/2

Aunt Polly says...

Some say the way to a man's heart is through his stomach. But I claim most men's eyes are a lot bigger 'n their stomachs.

You can give folks some idea 'bout how extra good Rinso is by tellin' 'em its suds are that much richer and thicker. But they'll never know how really special it is till they see for themselves a dazillin' sweet-smellin' Rinso wash blowin' in the breeze.

The minister made a right smart remark the other night. Said that lots o' folk nowadays were travellin' along the right road but in the wrong direction.

Ned's so worn out doin' exercises to keep young he has to let his old father mow the lawn.

When I went to stay with Cousin Martha I played safe and slipped a packet o' Rinso in my bag. "Polly," she scolded, "don't think you're the only one who knows how good Rinso is for keepin' silks and colours new-lookin'!"



Rinso's richer thicker suds make the whole wash sparkle



A LEVER PRODUCT

Z.109.38

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Take Hardy's—and forget painful indigestion and stomach troubles. No dieting. Eat what you like, and like what you eat. Hardy's brings wonderful relief to sufferers of agonising indigestion and stomach pains. Buy a tin to-day.

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INDIGESTION
and Ulcerated Stomach
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GUARD HER HEALTH

Health begins in childhood—and so, often, does constipation. Keep your children free from constipation with NYAL FIGSEN, the gentle laxative. It is easy and pleasant to take—can be chewed like a lolly. Give them half to one FIGSEN tablet at bedtime. In the morning FIGSEN acts—mildly yet thoroughly—no gripping pain, no stomach upset. Sold by chemists everywhere. 24 tablets—1/5.

Nyal Figsen
THE GENTLE LAXATIVE

Relieve Eczema and Itching Skin

If you suffer from Eczema or other itching skin complaints, don't delay proper treatment another day. When care is not taken, there is a tendency for the continued irritations and unsightly eruptions of the skin to spread and become chronic. Doan's Ointment will give you quick relief, for it penetrates to the true skin where the inflammation lies. It is antiseptic, healing, and quickly allays the irritation. Be sure you get Doan's Ointment today.

Doan's Ointment



SAVE COUPONS

PROTECT YOUR CLOTHES from SILVERFISH

by using

'SILVER-DEATH' BAIT CARDS

PACKET OF 6d.

15 CARDS

All Chemists and Department Stores

THE GIRL LEFT BEHIND

Does Kip still love me, Pam asked herself, or is it Eve that he wants?

CANCELLING her wedding arrangements when her fiancé, LIEUTENANT KIP GALLOWAY, is ordered to England at a moment's notice, PAM NEILL throws herself into her work at the Metallo Company, where she is in charge of women personnel, and ALEC FRASER, Kip's cousin, is doing brilliant aircraft production work.

They both attract the attention of JEROME HAYES, important co-ordinator of military aircraft production. He interests visiting English executives in Pam's work, and they invite her to fly to England to study the work of British women in industry.

Arriving in London, Pam receives a note inviting her to spend the week-end with EVE KENNEDY, popular English actress, who was Kip's travelling companion on his crossing to England. After paying a number of official calls she meets Kip for lunch, and he asks her to accept Eve's invitation, explaining that he is stationed close by, and has earned week-end leave.

Now read on—

PAM remembered instantly the raid the night before last.

"Were you—" she began, but he interrupted.

"Darling, I'm here with you. Good girls don't ask questions. Come on, let's have some lunch and make some plans. It's no use looking at the menu. Any chicken left, waiter? No, I didn't think so with all the colonels around. Bring us the other thing. What kind of flight did you have, Pam?"

"Fine. Good weather all the way. You weren't delayed anywhere?"

"No. Were you?"

"We had a tough trip," he said. "We ran into the crassest weather for that time of year. We were hung up in Newfoundland for twenty-four hours. That's where Eve and I got acquainted."

"Tell me what happened."

"We were just stuck there. I'd thought up to then that she was pretty poisonous. I had breakfast across from her that morning, and she just barely let me pass her the salt. Then we were stranded in that place. Not a thing to do after you'd walked up and down the town street, and that wasn't graded even. There was a hotel that wasn't much more than a boarding-house."

"She'd been very clumsy with a big shot on the plane, but he was oldish and tired out and wanted to sleep most of the time. So she read a book. And then another book. And finally I said to her, just for something to say, 'You're going to hurt your eyes.' That broke the ice."

"Then what did you do?"

"Oh, I don't know. She's a lot of fun, that girl. You don't get her at the start." He paused on that remark, thinking it over, and came back to Pam: "You'll like her."

"I don't know why not," said Pam agreeably.

"You're a very pretty girl," he told her. "I'm going to give them a treat."

"Who's them?"

"You never know until you get down there."

"Will I really do all right?"

"Do? You know, Pam, things have happened so fast—his face tightened again—so fast that I'd almost forgotten."

"Me?"

"No, not you. Just the way a man feels when he's with a certain girl."

"You've been seeing Eve Kennedy?"

"It's different."

"You're changed rather, Kip."

"Me? I'm just the same old gangster. Tell me about everything. How's Alec?"

"He's grand. He always is."

"Has he married Jinx yet?"

"Married Jinx? Why on earth should he?"

"Oh, I thought he was a little smitten the last time we were out with him. That night in New York."

"He'd never marry her. They haven't a thing in common."

"Maybe that's not what he's looking for. You don't understand Alec. I've been around with him a good deal and he likes his fun. He likes a little bit of love as well as anyone."

"But not Jinx—no, that wouldn't do. I wouldn't have that."

"You wouldn't have much to say about it if he took a notion," said Kip, laughing. "But I guess it takes a man to appreciate Jinx, at that."

"I'm not worrying about Alec, anyway," said Pam, "and I think he's doing wonderful work. Jerome Hayes is keen about him. He's pushing him right along."

"Jerome Hayes is getting a lot of publicity even over here. I guess he's delivering even if some of it sticks to his fingers."

"I don't believe it does. He's a real person. He was the person who got me this trip over here. I'm visiting production plants really. You're just my week-end."

"Just your week-end. Well, we'll have to see what we can do about that. We can get a train down about two-thirty. It's a good train. I've taken it before."

"How long do we stay?"

"Till they put us out. I can't come back with you, of course. But you won't have to leave before Sunday afternoon."

"I have to be in the Midlands Monday afternoon or evening. Because my first trip to the factories begins on Tuesday."

"That will work out just right. We have two whole days," he said. He showed no interest in what her inspection of plants might involve. But Kip had always been indifferent to her work, never taking it too seriously. He had treated her, from the first, as a girl, not as a success, and secretly she had liked the way he brushed aside everything about her but her beauty and her attractiveness.

She liked it now. He gave her an odd feeling that he regarded this week-end as a glorified celebration, not a reunion between a man and the girl he was going to marry. Yet his delight in seeing her, his pride in her, his anticipation of their time together were so obvious that he swung her into his own mood.

"Have you any idea how long you'll be in England, Kip?"

"No idea of how long I'll be anywhere, including on earth," he answered cheerfully, almost carelessly.

Whether he knew it or not, the past weeks had put a mark on him. The restlessness and impatience that had been so obvious while he waited to be sent abroad were gone. Something was satisfying him, though there was no relaxation in his manner, and his vitality seemed to be supercharged.

His very gaiety was different. It was not so boyish as it had been.

They had luck on the way down to Kent. He found two seats in a first-class carriage and pushed up the little arm rest between them so that they could sit close to each other. Pam felt strange, thinking of this place where they were going and of their hostess. She wished they hadn't come.

"How old is Eve Kennedy?" she asked suddenly.

"Eve? I'd say about twenty-five or twenty-six. She's crammed a lot into her time. Seen everything, knows everything. And just the same, in some ways, she's nothing but a lonesome girl."

"She's got tremendous talent, so everyone says."

"I suppose so." He was as indifferent to that as he was to Pam's work.

"Was she very much in love with her husband?"

"She's never said. He's been dead more than two years, you know."

The train clattered on through the



"A few of ours, that's all," said Kip, as the planes passed overhead.

suburbs and finally into the country. There were sheep in the fields and old red brick houses occasionally in the distance.

"It looks so amazingly peaceful," said Pam, "for a country at war."

"They seem to have missed a few sheep," answered Kip.

"Has this place where we're going to stay been raided?"

"The village close by was blown to bits last year. And the coast isn't far and took quite a beating. It's quiet enough now. Their house itself, Kirkstone it's called, wasn't touched. It was full of evacuees for a while, but they've been settled back into the village now. They like it better."

"Is it a big house?"

"Yes, very. Her family's been the dominant sort, you know."

"I've read about her. Hasn't she a title she doesn't use?"

were playing behind some of the little cottages, and the doors of small shops stood open. There were soldiers in the streets and Kip's arm went up in constant salutes.

But as they left the village behind, he stopped the car, took a look up and down the old road with its high grassy banks and said, "Now it's time to really kiss you."

Everything about them, was strange and sweet and beautiful, the country road, the hedges with their untrimmed blossoms. There was the fragrant warmth of summer afternoon, and a bee hummed through the car window and out again. A plane above droned higher and louder.

"Still love me?" he asked, with no doubt in his question.

"It's like being in the middle of a lyric," she said, "like being part of the rhyme. I wish we could drive on indefinitely—"

"Not on the gas ration, you can't," he said.

"Then I'd like to pull up by the road and stay here in the country."

But she seemed to have done what she didn't want to do, reminded him of their destination. He let her go, straightened her back in the seat as if she were a child, and said, "It's only a couple of miles from here. You'll see plenty of country. I want to show you those gardens, too. We haven't got anything like them at home. Of course they're all run down."

They didn't stop until they turned into a private road, wider than the country one, and drove through storybook woods until formal planting indicated that the house itself was near.

Kip said, "This place has been a life-saver to me."

It was a noble house, standing squarely at the end of the gravelled drive, built of grey stone for someone who could afford space and many servants, who intended to live with personal dignity and to have room for hospitality. The wings spread

out from the centre, ending in turrets. But it was a house, not a castle.

He carried their small pieces of luggage into the great hall whose door was widely ajar. Pam smoothed back her hair and looked around. It was a place of the past. The present wouldn't know what to do with a room like this one. A huge tapestry covered only part of one wall, and a corner of it had fallen loose from its rod or hooks at the top and hung down.

There was no servant to put it back in place, or perhaps no ladder that was not in necessary use elsewhere, thought Pam.

Yet, for all its size, the hall had a look of use. There were gloves and jerseys and mackintoshes piled on a big table, and another larger one supported great vases.

"Where's everybody, I wonder?" queried Kip, and went straight through to a door at the end. "Oh, hello, May. Where's Miss Eve?"

"She went over to the hospital, Mr. Galloway, and she said to tell you that she'd be back as soon as she could."

"Anyone else around?"

"Mr. and Mrs. Hines are on the terrace, sir. Lady Emma has gone to the Red Cross."

"Is Sir Philip here?"

"He's not come down yet, sir."

"Well, we won't disturb anybody," said Kip. "Do you know where Miss Neill is to sleep?"

"Yes, sir. The Iris room."

"That's a new one," said Kip. "Why Iris? Is it damp enough to grow them?"

The maid giggled and said, "No, sir."

"Which end of the house, May?"

"It's the east wing, sir. It overlooks the terrace. It's a pleasant room, sir."

"The east wing? I see. Want to go and have a look, Pam?"

"I'd like to. I'll be right down. Will you wait for me?"

"Don't keep me waiting long."

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By MARGARET C. BANNING

"I never got that straight," said Kip. "Her father has a title. He's a great old boy. And I think there was a lot of money from the look of the set-up. Eve says the sheriff will catch up with them right after the war, when he has time. They're all like that over here, pretty casual. But the place is certainly worth seeing. While it lasts."

Pamela's first glimpse of it convinced her of that. There was a small car waiting for them at the railway station, and Kip went toward it as a matter of course, feeling for the keys in a side pocket.

"Eve said she'd get this over here for us."

"What if we hadn't come?"

"She could have come over on a bike and picked it up. But I told her we'd be pretty sure to turn up."

It was a small ancient village. Pam saw the boards in the church windows as they passed it. There were piles of broken bricks and an old man potted about among them. But it was not deserted. Children



BOENTA PASSAGE

BY *La Salle Gilman*

ABOUT the time the rains began in the high country, Clanahan emerged from the bush at a place called Boenta and, gratified to discover no signs of the enemy there as yet, came down cautiously from the hills into the town where it squatted along the beach under its tamarinds.

He had thrown away his flying-jacket and had used his shirt for bandages over the wound in his thigh, but even half stripped he felt the abrupt coastal heat like a blanket.

Where he came out of the forest there was a market place and some thick-lipped native girls were already at work. Clanahan was vaguely aware, from his charts, that this was no Malay fishing village; it was a remote district residency, but there were no warships offshore, only the

praus and a few canoes and small lighters.

He walked on, past small thatched houses, fenced behind bamboo, clean and trim, along the road where the shops of a few exiled Chinese and Indian merchants stood, and in the lanes were men and women in scarlet-and-white sarongs.

Already Clanahan had noted, off to the side, the huddle of oil tanks where the pipe-lines came down from now deserted inland districts. Far beyond them clouds were dissolving round the low crater of an ancient volcano.

A small crowd of wondering townsfolk gathered in behind him as he approached the residency, staring at him. At the gate of the old Dutch fort, whose crumbling walls were hidden behind trees and flowering shrubs, a brown sentry

lounched in the shade. He looked at Clanahan and picked up his musket uncertainly. I don't blame him, Clanahan said to himself. The pilot's trousers were torn, the dirty bandage showed through, and his hair and beard were shaggy. The guard spoke in Malay, then in Dutch, and when Clanahan shook his head the man shrugged and motioned him to follow.

They passed into the compound and across a verandah to a room where a white man lounged informally at breakfast.

The resident, Van Roesbroec, who spoke English, rose, startled by the apparition in his doorway, and introduced himself, waving the sentry away. His face was drawn and his eyes shadowed.

Clanahan pulled his credentials from his trousers pocket and presented them wearily. "I'm a flier,

you see," he tried to explain. "Army—Allied. We were on a bombing mission over the islands from our Australian base and I got separated from my squadron in bad weather and then ran into a big Jap outfit north of here, and they shot me down—engines afire and a bullet in the leg. Co-pilot and crew killed. That was—let's see, four days ago. I've been walking—"

Van Roesbroec beamed over his visitor's documents. "American!" he exclaimed. He tapped a bell and a boy in a white jacket came quietly with glasses and soda, and mixed in the gin. Clanahan, who had eaten two bars of chocolate since his crash, tried to conceal the wry face he pulled, but he took it gratefully, nevertheless.

"No Japs here?" Clanahan asked. "Not as yet," Van Roesbroec told him. "There have been reconnaissance planes, of course. This is a small, unimportant place, except for the oil. They bombed our wireless station a month ago, and since then no regular news. But we hear things. It is dreadful, unbelievable, that which has happened."

He talked slowly. The Indies were lost, he knew, and everywhere there was capitulation. The worst was inevitable and the enemy would arrive at any moment, of course. He was the only colonial officer remaining in the entire district. He felt it his duty, at least as a gesture, to await the arrival of the enemy and surrender honorably. There was only a handful of the native constabulary.

"What about the oil tanks?" Clanahan asked. They interested him. Less than two years before he had been a driller in the Texas fields.

"When the time comes," Van Roesbroec said absently, "I may blow them up. There were a few

Japanese pearl-livers living here, and we have them in the prison now, naturally, but when their country-men come to release them they will undoubtedly try to save the tanks. That should not be allowed."

Clanahan was silent, thinking of things that had happened. Thinking of the pain in his thigh and of his near-exhaustion, thinking bitterly that in his condition there was no opportunity for further escape. They were caught.

"Cross those bridges later," he said. "I'd better have this leg fixed up a little."

Van Roesbroec started and exclaimed. In his delight to have companionship in these last bad hours, he said, he had forgotten. There was a Malay physician, of sorts, in Boenta. He sounded his bell and issued orders to the wide-eyed boy.

During the afternoon, while Clanahan slept heavily, a storm of rain swept the region, and when evening came a sudden stillness lay across land and sea. Waking dazedly, he sat up on the bed and looked out of the window which faced on the bay. As the dusk spread and scattered lights sprang up along the beach he settled his gaze on a rusted steamer that was churning slowly into the bay.

Clanahan jumped from the bed, forgetting his leg, and cursed with the aching shock. He was wearing fresh white clothes, and the wound was newly bandaged. A servant had shaved him while he slept. He groped for his automatic, hanging conveniently on its wide belt over the bed-post, and went on to the verandah. He watched as the vessel stood close up under the lee shore, the hills looming in a black mass above her, and he heard the tinkling messages and the tired thud ending. The little cargo boat drifted





silently in a wide sweep as the quartermaster spun the wheel. On the beach the people of Boenta were gathered to stare, and two canoes put out from shore to meet her.

The resident joined his guest and stood there, lighting a cigarette. The ship was indistinct in the darkness of the bay.

"It is like the copra ships and tankers that formerly came," Van Roesbroeck observed, watching the bobbing lights of the small boats, and he added almost apologetically, "But these are bad times. I hope they won't fire on the people here. The situation is grave everywhere, we are told."

But the new arrival was not Japanese after all. It appeared. A constabulary corporal presently came up the road from the beach to report that the Papuan, of British registry, lay offshore, and her master, having satisfied himself that no Japanese were in control of the port, respectfully requested the resident to come aboard. Van Roesbroeck, translating the information for Clanahan's benefit, breathed deeply in relief.

"I'll go with you," Clanahan said, an exultant hope surging up hot again. "This is a bad place for a British ship to be loafing, but—"

"One should not question Providence," the resident murmured. They went down to the rickety pierhead, and a dim boatman was at the sweep. Perring out, they watched a lantern being hung at the top of the Papuan's ladder. Alongside, they went up the ladder into the light, and a Malay seaman swung over the rail to hand them in, and led them forward to the bridge.

Captain Reith was leaning against the rail. Looking down into the cluttered waist where his Tamil crew sprawled on the hatches amid the gear, relaxed in evening coolness, their cigarettes glowing orange-red, he saw his visitors.

They went into the cabin, where a lamp was lit, and Van Roesbroeck dropped into a cane chair.

"It is very good to see you here, captain," he said. "It is unexpected. You realise that the enemy is nearby and that their planes have kept watch on us? They may arrive momentarily."

Reith's mouth curved grimly and he packed his pipe from a jar. "I'm aware of that," he said, his eyes flicking rapidly over his visitors. "But I'm used to it now. We've

got to wait for repairs. The gale to-day, in the channel—the pitching cracked something below when we were shaking big ones off our tail. It'll take some hours." His thick, stubby fingers reached to a locker and drew out a black bottle. He poured generously and offered a glass to Van Roesbroeck.

"Here, man," he said, his blue eyes suddenly twinkling. "None of your Holland gin on the Papuan. This is a British ship still, and I am an Australian. Drink up—you both look the need of it—and here's to Tojo's blistering confusion!"

Clanahan grinned and drank in the pause that followed. "And here's to a voyage with you," he said. Briefly he sketched his own situation, and Reith listened intently, nodding. He had heard reports in many places about the American fliers and what they were doing. It was heartening, he said. He sat down heavily.

"No choice but to come," he said, "but we're crowded. We're in enemy waters here. This ship of mine left Kowloon just ahead of the Japanese, and left Manila just ahead of 'em, top, and since then we've been on the prowl, dodging in and out of every little port along the way, steaming at night, running when we had the chance, laying up in coves for days for repairs. We've been lucky. Our wireless is out. But if we can get away from here and through Torres we'll be in Brisbane in another ten days. I've been tramping through these islands half my life. I know the course."

"I've got an engineer, bloke named Gomez, from Macao," Reith said as they listened. "He knows engines, but nothing else. He'll have everything shipshape by to-morrow. But he isn't much for conversation."

"What's your cargo?" Clanahan asked. "If it isn't confidential."

"It was confidential," Reith said, dryly, "but not here. Munitions and spare plane parts salvaged from Hongkong, and some British and American bullion and currency we took on along the way. They wanted to get everything out of Jap hands. And we're carrying about forty refugees. Mostly Chinese and Filipinos. And there's an Irish girl, an army nurse from Hongkong. She was sick and her brother put her aboard, but she's all right now."

Clanahan sucked in his breath slowly. This was a dangerous place for a white woman. If the Japs

came into the bay to-night, before the Papuan could get out, there was going to be trouble.

He lit another cigarette and waved aside the second glass which Reith was proffering. The cabin was stuffy and he excused himself, and went out on the bridge where there was a slight stir of air.

A seaman had hung a lantern in the wing of the bridge to cut the gloom, and he saw a figure there. Moving toward it, he came suddenly upon a girl whose hair was long and luxurious; it lay in coiled shadows above a pale face, and eyes that were dark with strain and privation.

She was sitting on a mat and looked up at him steadily for a moment, her lips parted in astonishment and her slim body tense.

"Are you British?" the girl asked abruptly.

Clanahan grinned. "No," he said. He squatted down carefully on the mat beside her, stretching his leg out before him. "I'm Irish, like you. Only a different breed." He told her as briefly as he could who he was and his circumstances. "It'll work out some way for all of us," he said with an assurance he did not wholly feel. "I reckon you were lucky, getting out of Hongkong."

CAPTAIN REITH

had told him, then? Yes. Well, she was Katherine Pearce and she had come out from Dublin and met her brother in Hongkong, an officer in the Fusiliers, and then the war had come and she had gone into a hospital to help. But in the last bad days she had collapsed from fatigue, and her brother had ordered her on to this ship to escape. There was a Chinese aboard, a liaison officer called Cheng, who was a friend of her brother.

Clanahan thought of the Irish officer and what had probably been his fate, and said, "Pretty cramped quarters here, I guess. We can't get away for a while. You and Cheng come along with Van Roesbroeck and me, and we'll go back to the residency for our gear and you can get cool and have a bath. We'll be back before the Papuan sails."

She brightened. "I will only be a moment," she said. "There is no tub or shower aboard."

She went down the ladder and Clanahan re-entered the cabin, where the skipper and the resident still sat under the lamp and beside

the bottle, speaking wearily of the war.

"I left some charts and my log ashore," Clanahan said to Van Roesbroeck, "and you've probably got some business to clean up. All right to take the nurse ashore for the ride, and a friend of hers?"

"Certainly," the resident said. "There are various records that must be destroyed, and the constabulary officers to instruct."

"Is there any explosive in the town?" Clanahan asked. "Dynamite?" When the Dutch official looked at him curiously, he said, "For the oil tanks, you know. Can't leave 'em."

"Dynamite and detonators aboard," Reith said. "Fuse and caps and plenty of wire. I'll have a man get the stuff for you. D'you know how to handle it?"

Clanahan smiled mirthlessly. "Didn't I tell you where I'm from and what my job used to be? What about an exploder?" A plan had been forming, but he did not speak of it. There was no sense, it occurred to him, in setting the tanks afire and starting up a conflagration that would draw every ship and plane from miles around. But if he could tip the tanks into the stream alongside, the oil would then disperse into the sea.

"The oil people left an exploder ashore at the residency," Van Roesbroeck said.

In the ship's waist they met Katherine Pearce and a slight, youngish Chinese wearing military trousers and boots and a loose silk jacket. The girl introduced him as Lieutenant Cheng, and he bowed silently and then smiled in comradely fashion at Clanahan. They went over the side into the waiting boat. Captain Reith declined to accompany them, and as the boat pulled away he called after them, warning that there should be no unnecessary delay.

At the residency, Van Roesbroeck went into his office accompanied by an impassive Malay secretary, and the girl disappeared into the bath, from which presently came the pleasant sound of splashing water. Lieutenant Cheng sat quietly in a wicker chair, smoked and watched Clanahan, who was methodically tying the sticks of dynamite which he had brought ashore into small, equal bundles. They did not talk, and Clanahan was not certain that

the Chinese spoke English. When the girl came out again, fresh and cool and vibrant, she turned her attention to his wound, and, despite his protests, cleaned it as best she could and changed the bandage. Some time later Van Roesbroeck interrupted his last official labors long enough to give a final order to the servant—gin and soda, and later a large lacquer tray loaded with the tinned delicacies he had been boarding against such a time.

"Your going-away party?" Clanahan asked, and Van Roesbroeck nodded, shrugging.

The night was wearing on, and they waited for Van Roesbroeck to complete his work.

Toward dawn the stillness was broken by the arrival of a native constable, who hurried through the compound and into the resident's quarters. Clanahan waited curiously, and when Van Roesbroeck appeared, his thin face was anxious. Look-outs at the point, he said, had picked up a warship, probably a destroyer, nosing down the coast toward Boenta. She was undoubtedly Japanese. She would arrive at anchorage, at her rate of progress, not long after sunrise.

Clanahan looked thoughtfully at the silhouette of the Papuan, swinging in the bay. The distant sound of hammering aboard ship had long since ceased. She was probably ready to get under way. The constable waited at Van Roesbroeck's side, and Clanahan walked into the office, wrote a note, which he folded and gave to the man.

"Tell him to take it out to the ship's captain," he said. "Take Miss Pearce with him. Reith had better get going right away, or he'll be caught. He's got time to steam around the point and be out of sight."

"And as for us?" the resident asked. He seemed to have passed on all authority to Clanahan now. His own work was finished, and he sagged down on the verandah step.

"We'll fix those tanks," Clanahan said, "and follow in one of the praus to-night. You arrange that. Your staff can go in the prau now. Reith will run down the coast south around the peninsula and wait there for us. I figured it out from the charts I saved."

Please turn to page 8



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HOWEVER, when they returned to the main room, Katherine Pearse was not there, only Lieutenant Cheng. For the first time he spoke to them, using English. "She went into the town a few moments ago," he said, "to obtain a supply of medicines from a Malay physician here. We need them on the ship."

Clanahan stared at him blankly, then his mouth hardened. "She'll have to stay with us, then," he said. "The Papuan can't wait. Go and find her, lieutenant, and meet us at the oil tanks as soon as you can."

The messenger had already departed for the ship, and Cheng went off down the lane.

"Let's go," Clanahan said. He scooped up the tied bundles of dynamite and his sack of equipment, and with Van Roesbroeck at his heels, set off toward the stream and the huddle of tanks that loomed over the low trees. Few of the townspeople of Boenta seemed to be astir at that hour, and even the dogs were silent. Boenta was waiting behind closed screens for what was to come.

I'm going to help create the New Order, Clanahan thought as he limped along the dusty road under the flame trees. This is easier than flying bombers out from the Northern Territory. Maybe the world is going crazy, but we aren't going to miss all the fun and glory.

He could smell the warm stench of the oil already; he had seen it flowing knee-deep in the swamps in the back country where his plane had crashed. It had soaked the roots of the trees and dripped from the rocks.

He thought he heard the thrud of the winch hauling in the Papuan's anchor, far down the slope; he hoped

Reith would make connections, because a flier with a game leg and an Irish nurse couldn't walk three hundred miles along the shore to the next settlement, or swim to Cape York, even if Dutch and Chinese officers might. He cursed the black hour he had run into the Zero fighters, and then, remembering Katherine Pearse, took it all back again.

They came to the tanks. Half a dozen of them, squat and grey, reared up from the swampy jungle along the bank of the stream.

They were raised on wooden stilts to guard them from flood water. Clanahan ran a professional eye over the line, glanced at Van Roesbroeck and lifted an optimistic thumb, unalining the bags of destruction from his shoulder.

Swiftly, he went to work, laying out his bundles and roll of wire, his fuses and caps and the exploder box.

The Dutch official leaned against a tree and closed his eyes. He's lived long enough in these islands to absorb some of the habits, Clanahan thought. He accepts his fate, relaxes and takes it easy. The day was coming up rapidly from the sea and flushing the green hillsides, though the beach and town still lay in shadow.

From his vantage point half-way up a stilt on the first tank he could see the bay, and there was nothing afloat upon it except a few small Boenta fishing boats near shore. The Papuan was not there, nor was there any trace of her to seaward, though he looked hard in the misty light. She made a quick getaway, he thought, and was cheered.

But while he was working on the third tank and trying to ease the strain on his leg, he saw something else. It was the sharp, sharklike nose of the enemy destroyer, pushing up the bay from the north point, her low funnels slanting as she twisted inquisitively through the channels between the shallows. The tide had run out and she was fumbling her way in, not quite certain of the currents.

Clanahan kept watching her narrowly while he went on with his work. He moved steadily along the line of tanks, placing his charges with care. The heat was coming, and already the sluggish stream was giving off a thin haze that crept among the tanks.

SUDDENLY the stillness of the now sun-drenched anchorage was shattered by the subdued thunder of engines, and there was a dull, unintelligible hubbub of distant cries and hoarse shouting, the clang of signal bells, and the shrill piping of a whistle. Clanahan climbed up a stilt again, and it was obvious at first glance that the occupation of Boenta was not to be entirely uneventful.

The destroyer had run directly across a mudbank pushed up by the outlet of the stream, and lay balanced on it, powerless to go ahead or astern, at least until the tide made again. A grin spread across Clanahan's sweat-streaked face. What could be sweeter? What could be more considerate? He looked down and saw that Katherine Pearse and the Chinese officer had reached their rendezvous and were talking with Van Roesbroeck.

He called down to them. Had any arrangement yet been made for them to get away in one of the small boats? The resident waved his hand reassuringly. A man had been sent, and the residency staff and some of the constabulary who wanted to leave had gone, and the boat was waiting in a little cove a mile or so along the shore. The Papuan had escaped unnoticed. She would wait farther south. But there was need for hurry—an enemy warship was arriving. A landing party would be coming ashore very soon.

Clanahan nodded and climbed down, unrolling the last line of wire. Everything was set, he told them. Lieutenant Cheng, revealing a hitherto unsuspected aptitude for arson, had uncoiled the wires back into the trees and was busy connecting them with the exploder. The girl was helping him and they both looked up as Clanahan approached.

"Okay," he said.

They crouched in the protection of the trees and without further delay he squatted and pressed down the plunger. The explosions were almost simultaneous, like a string of gigantic fire-crackers, rolling out a

Boenta Passage

Continued from page 7

thundering salvo that burst on their ears and swayed the branches and bushes around them. There was a sharp rain of broken metal and debris, and through the smoke they could see the tanks rolling slowly, majestically, over into the stream, their seams splitting neatly and spilling the rich dark oil on to the water.

For a moment they waited, stunned and battered by the shocks, while the oil spread rapidly across the surface and was carried down toward the sea.

"A river of oil," Van Roesbroeck murmured in admiration. "I have often dreamed at night of this, and thought how it would seem."

They went quickly down to the stream, where a skiff had been moored above the tanks, and got across to the opposite bank. The resident pointed, indicating a faint track winding off into the wet forest.

"It will take us to the place where the prau is waiting," he said.

But Clanahan hung back, watching the oil flowing strongly down towards the bay, and he looked thoughtfully at a little watchman's hut nearby on the bank, sitting on its rickety poles above the water, and the lieutenant stood beside him. Their eyes met again, and again they smiled.

The Chinese walked into the hut, which was constructed of woven poles and thatched with dry grass, and he was gone only a moment. As he came out a wisp of smoke followed him through the doorway, and then a tongue of flame, and as they waited the blaze spread and burst out along the walls, licking at the roof, and the hut was engulfed in fire. No one spoke. Then one of the flimsy stilts beneath the flooring collapsed, and the blazing mass dropped quietly into the water and floated down into the oil below.

There was no special sound, but in a brief space the river was covered with a sheet of fierce flame, drifting away under the trees toward the beach.

"You said a river of oil?" Clanahan asked the resident. "This is even better, eh? This would have made an even better dream."

They did not wait then, but walked away along the forest track in single file. There was no hint of the town or of war here; only the great trees and the vines and creepers and green, damp undergrowth, and the track winding down to the shore.

WHEN they came out of the forest on to the sand again a half-hour later, they were well away from Boenta, and riding outside the shallows was the prau with her crew and her refugees, waiting as the resident had said. A canoe took them out, and they mounted to the high poop, where an awning was stretched. The Boentanes were in a hurry; the old anchor came up creaking and the great sail swayed aloft and filled, and the craft moved out slowly.

To the north the sea had become a mad conflagration, an unbelievable inferno of dancing flame and billowing, thick black smoke off the mouth of the stream. They could barely see Boenta behind it, but Clanahan was not looking for Boenta. What they saw caused them to glance at one another in silent triumph, for the destroyer, still firmly lodged on the mudbank, lay in the centre of the ocean of leaping fire, flames high around her.

Clanahan lit a cigarette and leaned on the carved teak rail. "Maybe it's not enough it'll explode her magazines," he suggested mildly. "Anyway, she won't do much more cruising or fighting for a while. This is almost as good as getting her in the bomb sight."

The prau crept softly down the coast, keeping inside the reef, where the rollers churned and muttered against the coral barricade.

Van Roesbroeck took the bottle of gin from his bag and sat down gaily on a mat on the deck. "Perhaps we should celebrate a little," he said. "We will meet the Papuan to-night."

"And then next stop Brisbane," Clanahan said, and looked at the girl, smiling. "Then, later, back to work."

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● ABOVE: RAID ALERT on the beach at a South Pacific base sketched by The Australian Women's Weekly artist, John Mills, now serving in the north. Ships are moving out as fast as possible.

Pacific war sketches

● BELOW: TYPICAL OF COUNTRY through which Australian and U.S. troops have fought. Mills painted this scene behind Dogura Mission Station on north-east coast of New Guinea.





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—by a hospital nurse

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MGM make Cabin in the Sky



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2 NEAR DEATH, Joe (Rochester) dreams that The General (K. Spencer), a good influence, and Lucifer (Rex Ingram), are fighting for possession of his soul.



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4 BECOMING IMPATIENT when Joe resists temptations, Lucifer arranges for him to win the sweepstakes, and his good intentions are forgotten.



5 DETERMINED to win back Joe's love, Petunia glamorises herself and goes to the same dance hall as Joe and Georgia, where she makes him jealous.



6 AWAKENING from the dream, Joe calls Petunia to his room and tells her to throw away his sweepstakes ticket, because he is determined to become a reformed character as a result of his vivid dream.

MGM's musical fantasy, "Cabin in the Sky," brings a great collection of colored stars of the stage, screen, and radio. Based on the Broadway hit of the same name, the film co-stars Ethel Waters, Rochester, and Lena Horne, and features Louis Armstrong, Duke Ellington and band, and the Hall Johnson choir. The theme deals with the efforts of a woman to save the soul of her husband from the forces of evil.



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• Jerry Colonna, Tony Romano, Bob Hope, and Frances Langford (left to right) are greeted at a U.S. Army outpost in Alaska during their tour to entertain the troops.



• Bob Hope, famous radio and film comedian, who has entertained U.S. troops in Alaska, Britain, Africa, and Sicily, is shown here (right) with American soldiers in England.



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• For the first time Bob Hope meets his young British niece and bounces her in his arms. The picture was taken during Hope's recent entertainment tour of U.S. troop bases.

My trip to Alaska

Bob Hope, film and radio star, writes about a trip to Alaska and the Aleutian Islands, where he, Frances Langford, and Jerry Colonna entertained U.S. Army and Navy personnel. Hope has been to England, Africa, and Sicily for the same purpose.

WE left Seattle, Washington, on the U.S. Pacific Coast, by plane, says Bob. Our first stop was at a small auxiliary airport where we refuelled, a "whistlestop" surrounded by trees. A soldier came out and took a look at us as if he couldn't believe his eyes.

"Hey, fellows," he shouted, "come here! It's Bob Hope and Frances Langford."

Almost immediately soldiers began pouring out of the woods from every direction, and since we were going to be there an hour we climbed up on a tree stump and gave them a show.

At Ladd Field, in Fairbanks, they asked us to go to the officers' dance that night. We had seen so many pictures about Alaska that we took only rough clothes along. But we were "way off the beam." At the dance Frances was the only girl in sweater and skirt. The officers' wives all wore formal evening dress!

Our next jump was aboard an Army bomber. We went to Anchorage, where the fellows showed us just how wonderful they are. We were sitting in a small cafe one night when three sailors came over and started talking to us. They wanted to buy us a drink, but we refused, not wanting to rob them of a month's pay. They left, but a

many shows as they want." In a few minutes they came marching up, most of them with big beards, but all young American boys. They ate up every word.

When I got back to Hollywood I had a lot of fun telephoning the people the boys asked me to call up. I put in one call for the wife of a major we met at Unimak.

"This is Bob Hope," I said. "Who?" she said. "Bob Hope," I said again. I could hear her laughing. "Listen," I begged, "this is Bob Hope, and I promised your husband I'd call you." She rounded up all the neighbors to listen-in before she decided I wasn't fooling her.

By BOB HOPE

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly.

little later the waiter came over with eight cocktails. They had paid for them and left without waiting to be thanked. Had the drinks been transportable we'd have carried them home as souvenirs.

Wherever we went, the boys had a hard time keeping their eyes off Frances. She made them think of their wives and sweethearts. One said she reminded him of his mother. They brought her souvenirs, gave her all sorts of insignia, and made her a sergeant-major.

We did eight shows for the boys in Nome. We did one on the back of a truck when the wind was so strong it almost blew our clothes off. We found that the boys were so hungry for entertainment that they laughed at everything.

"I'm happy to be here," I told one group. "Of course, I'm not used to this cold. I have just finished playing in a picture with Dorothy Lamour, and I got paid for it, too."

I told them about a parachute rookie whose officer told him that the camp station wagon would be waiting to pick him up when he landed. After finding that neither of his parachutes would open, he remarked: "Such inefficiency. It would be just like them not to have the station wagon there."

You never heard such cheering. When we finished the show the lieutenant came over and said, "Do you suppose you could do another show in a little while? We've got 1300 engineers down the road." I said, "Go get them. We'll do as



"IT'S T-TOO LATE NOW . . . MY FEELINGS ARE GOOD AND HURTI!"

"YOU NEEDN'T TRY that old patty-cake routine, Mommy—my mind's made up. Not one more nap will I take."

"I shut one eye and out you go for fun. I heard the car start up—oh, yes I did! You had a lovely drive—I had a nap!"

"... Stop waggling that woolly dog at me. I'm out of sorts."

"Now look—I'm getting red and prickly! This puffing's got me overheated. Hey—where you going?"

"... Ohh—Johnson's Baby Powder! Hmm—well, maybe I might sit on your lap temporarily. Until I've had a sprinkle and . . . Aaaaah! That silky, soothy powder is nice. So cool and comforting!"

"What—no more? But, Mommy, you can't stop here! . . . Oh—your feelings are hurt now. The things I said—"

"Well, I'll give you a big kiss. You give me some more of that lovely Johnson's. And we'll both be happy!"

"Nothing keeps a baby quite so joyful as regular rubs with Johnson's Baby Powder! It's inexpensive, too!" J.P.S.



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Many men have attained this new vigour of mind and body by taking 'Phyllosan,' and in these times the revitalising effect of these wonderful little tablets is more than ever valuable. We have no doubt that you, too, will be astonished at the results if you take these tablets regularly.

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The Australian Women's Weekly—January 29, 1941



WHAT I LACK IS VITAMIN Y-O-U

AFRAID IT'S NO USE, HARRY! I CAN'T POSSIBLY GO WITH YOU—EVEN IF I WANTED TO!


BUT WHY, MARY? WHEN YOU GIVE A BLOKE THE AIR—YOU OWE HIM A REASON!

WELL—YOU'VE ASKED FOR IT! YOU'RE DUE FOR DENTAL INSPECTION ON YOUR BREATH APPEAL!



HERE'S WHAT THE DENTIST SAID:—

TO GET RID OF BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES—COLGATE'S STOPS ORAL BAD BREATH INSTANTLY!



COLGATE'S ACTIVE PENETRATING FOAM GETS INTO THE HIDDEN CREVICES BETWEEN THE TEETH, HELPS CLEAN OUT DECAYING FOOD PARTICLES WHICH ARE THE CAUSE OF SO MUCH BAD BREATH! COLGATE'S REALLY CLEANS YOUR TEETH!



LATER—Thanks to COLGATE DENTAL CREAM—

HOW'S A BLOKE'S CHANCES FOR MAKING A DATE WITH YOU FOR TONIGHT, MARY?

PRACTICALLY PERFECT, HARRY! SO LONG AS THE BLOKE IS Y-O-U!



4/753

COLGATE'S CERTAINLY DOES A FINE JOB OF CLEANING AND POLISHING TEETH TOO!

COLGATE RIBBON DENTAL CREAM

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LARGE 1 1/4 1/2" SIZE
GIANT 2 1/2 1/2" SIZE
twice as much as 1 1/4" size

IT CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH



Australian wives of U.S. servicemen form club



MAKING FRIENDS. Australian wives of U.S. servicemen introduce their babies to each other. From left: Mrs. Charles Taggart and Roger, Mrs. George Mobley and John, Mrs. Harold Gruber and Johnny, Mrs. Peter Bonna and Peter, Mrs. Marion Hugh and Alan, Mrs. O. Z. Noon and Owen, Mrs. Schultze and Karren.



BRIDE. Mrs. Bernard Stats, formerly Betty Voigt, leaves church with her American husband. Betty's mother-in-law has written from Wisconsin that she has a glory-box for her.

Exchange news of husbands and friendly letters from American "in-laws"

By TORA BECKINGSALE

A warm welcome is being extended by American mothers to the hundreds of Australian girls who are marrying U.S. servicemen, and who will eventually make their homes in the States.

"We are longing to see you, my dear," is the text of many letters coming to Australia.

ONE young bride has heard that a glory-box with a complete set of house linen awaits her in America, and many proud grandparents are already preparing nurseries.

I heard all about these letters when I visited the newly formed Friendship Club for Wives of U.S. Servicemen, in Melbourne.

The first of its kind in Australia, the club already has more than 300 members, including 10 mothers of babies. Fiances are also members.

Meeting the "in-laws" is always an ordeal for a bride who has not met her husband's people. Nervousness at the prospect can amount to panic when the relatives live in a strange country, but these girls have been delighted at the friendly letters which are helping to break the ice.

The mother-in-law of the attractive club president, Mrs. Marion Hugh, has written to say that the nursery is ready for grandson Alan, aged six months, and has sent a set of clothes and an eternity ring for baby.

Alan, who is a sturdy, fine youngster, looks a typical American child in his American clothes. He has a little linen cap like a U.S. baseball cap, an overall made in American fashion, and little high boots.

His Australian grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Platt, of Middle Park, are tremendously proud of him. He and his mother, formerly

Verna Platt, live with them while Mrs. Hugh's husband is away.

Mrs. Hugh, whose husband is Staff-Sgt. Hugh, of the U.S. Regular Army, formed the club when two fiancées of U.S. servicemen wrote a letter, suggesting the project to a newspaper.

There were 80 replies to the letter, and Mrs. Hugh wrote to the girls asking them to meet in a small room in the city.

The response was so great that for the next meeting a hall was engaged, and since then meetings are held at the hall every fortnight. The club helps the girls to make friends with others who may eventually live near them in America.

A club official asks, for instance: "Any girls going to Wisconsin?" Those who answer "Yes" forgo their immediately to compare notes.

Food hints

DISCUSSION of food for husbands is another common bond. The girls exchange hints about hamburgers, baked ham, and apples, salads, coffee—that ever-controversial beverage—and, above all, ice-cream.

Mrs. Hugh said her husband liked ice-cream even for breakfast, and Mrs. Forrest Conrad, honorary secretary of the club, said: "The first time I tried to make hamburgers they all fell into crumbs."

Mrs. Conrad was formerly Joan Morley of East St. Kilda. Her husband, Sgt. Conrad, is one of a family of nine, and comes from the tobacco country in North Carolina.

The Conrads already have chosen a home for the Australian bride, who is a pretty brunette.

Another girl who married into a large family is pretty, dark-haired Marion Roche, now the wife of Cpl. O. Z. Noon, of Florida. Cpl. Noon is the youngest of 12, and one happy result of the size of his family is that his bride has had more than 50 letters from her new relatives.

Formerly a nurse, Marion, who comes from Lillimur, on the South Australian border, met her husband when she was training at a Melbourne hospital.

Christmas bride, Mrs. Bernard Stats, formerly Betty Voigt, of Brighton, is the lucky girl whose mother-in-law, Mrs. Louis Stats, of Wisconsin, has a glory-box full of linen awaiting her.

Betty heard this news in one of the letters she received from Mrs. Louis Stats when she was first engaged.

Since she became engaged she has received more than 30 letters from Bernard's people in America.



CLUB MEETING. Group of smiling wives and fiancées of American servicemen at the Friendship Club for Wives of U.S. Servicemen in Melbourne.

Gloria Noll, of Carnegie, Vic., is engaged to Sgt. Bill Slamickis, whose sisters, Mrs. Frank Susko, of New York, and Mrs. A. Semidry, of Puerto Rico, have written warm-hearted letters to her.

Pretty auburn-haired Gloria is a typist in a city insurance office. Her father, Private E. H. Noll, is a prisoner of war in Germany.

"My mother-in-law, Mrs. William Dones, of Denver, Colorado, wrote me a lovely letter, and said she was dying to see me," said Margaret Walker, now the bride of Pte. (1st Class) William Campbell. Margaret comes from Essendon, and fills cordial bottles for a military hospital.

Mrs. Robert Walters, formerly Carmel Walsh, of North Fitzroy, has had a letter from her sister-in-law, Eileen, who is a nurse in Zanesville, Ohio.

"We will welcome you with open arms," Eileen wrote. Carmel is the wife of Pte. (1st Class) Walters, of Ohio.

At the club I met two sisters from Essendon, who have been claimed by U.S. men for their wives. Nancy Bruun is married to Pte. (1st Class) Harold Schultze, from Wisconsin, and has a four-months-old baby girl, Karren. Pat Bruun, who works in a box factory, is engaged to Cpl. Peter Hewson, of Oregon.

One young mother, Mrs. Floyd Golden, formerly Hazel Moody, has her baby son, Philip John, looked after by its grandparents at Spotswood, and works in an aircraft factory.

Plans for future

"THEY are fine types of girls," said an official of the American Consulate in Melbourne. He has seen hundreds of girls when they came to the consulate for their immigration visas.

Normally only a limited quota of immigrants may enter America yearly, but American husbands execute a petition asking for special status for their wives.

After this petition is approved by the U.S. Department of Justice, wives are accorded non-quota status. Final step is the application for



ENROLLING NEW MEMBERS. Club president, Mrs. Marion Hugh, and secretary, Mrs. Forrest Conrad, enter new members in enrolment book of Friendship Club.

immigration visas from the U.S. Consulate. These are granted provided wives are in good health, and husbands produce documents to show they can support their wives.

Several wives at the club showed me their immigration visas, among them Mrs. Francis Smith, wife of Pte. (1st Class) Smith, of Long Island, New York. She was formerly Shelia Montgomery, of Port Melbourne.

Not all the girls who meet at this club will go to America, however. Some American husbands hope to remain in Australia, among them Sgt. John McDonald, of Long Island, who is engaged to Betty Canning, 19-year-old typist, of Caulfield.

Sgt. McDonald plans to settle in Victoria and follow his trade as an electrical engineer.

Pai Hopcroft, of Caulfield, also may remain here, because her fiancé, Pte. John O'Brien, is thinking of coming back to Australia to work in the building trade.

There were some girls in uniform at the club meeting, among them ACW Ella Ink, W.A.A.F., who is engaged to Pte. Lester Cloudmas, Massachusetts.

But all the girls, whatever their occupation, had a common bond in talking of their husbands and fiancés, and planning their new lives.



BONNY BABY. Karren, four-months-old daughter of Pte. (1st Class) Harold Schultze, of Wisconsin, with her mother.



FIANCEE. Gloria Noll carries on her job of typist while her fiancé, Sgt. William Slamickis, is away.



MAIL FROM AMERICA. A letter from his people in America is read by Corporal O. Z. Noon to his wife, formerly Marion Roche, telling her of the nursery already prepared in America for baby Owen.

Editorial

JANUARY 29, 1944

TRAGEDY OF BUSHFIRES

THE appalling loss of life and damage to property and livestock in the bushfires have focused the sympathy of all Australia on the victims.

This tragedy is a grim reminder of the menace that threatens Australia every summer—a menace that can flare into immediate peril through a moment's carelessness.

Many families are in mourning for men, women, and children whose names appear on the death-roll. Others are still watching anxiously beside the beds of the injured.

The agony of animals trapped in burning pastures will haunt the dreams of firefighters for many a night. So will the desolate, pitiful shells of burnt-out homes.

A home is more than a shelter. Its human values, its intimate associations are never more keenly felt than when it has been suddenly destroyed.

The history of the family has gone in the flames—a history which could be read in the little things of the house, made shabby by family use and hallowed by a hundred memories.

These things cannot be replaced with insurance money.

Besides this poignant personal loss there is the national loss, more serious than ever in wartime. Each farm unit wiped out means a potential as well as an actual loss of food.

As a nation and as individuals, Australians must take every possible measure, from care with matches to large-scale organisation of fire prevention, to keep these summer tragedies down to a minimum.

—THE EDITOR.



HEAVY ARTILLERY GUNNERS in Darwin. Photograph sent by Gunner N. C. Johnston (second from left, back row) to his mother, Mrs. C. E. Johnston, Glen Innes, N.S.W.

Sailor finds doll's pram in jungle tree

A doll's pram — strange and poignant sight in a battle area — inspired a sailor to send this open letter to "Some little girl."

The letter was sent by A/Chief Shipwright H. Pickles, R.A.N., to his wife, Pte. M. T. Pickles, with the A.W.A.S. in Melbourne.

"DEAR little Miss—," the sailor writes.

"Somewhere in New Guinea—you know where, even though the censor will not allow me to say, you know because in your pretty head you remember where you played with your dolly and—your pram.

"What happened to dolly I can only guess, maybe she was safe in your arms when they took you away to a safer place to play.

"But the pram—I know where that is. It is hanging up in the frangipani tree.

"I know because I have passed it many times, as also have many of our gallant fighting men in khaki. 'And I wonder what they thought about that old blue pram, suspended like a symbol of something decent and human, something worth fighting for?

"Good-night, little Miss—Don't thank me for telling you about dolly's pram.

"I thank you, as many others have silently done, for pleasant memories."

Sgt. Robert Seymour, in New Guinea, to his wife in Waverley Rd., East Malvern, Vic.:

"TO-DAY a 'Mary' called at the camp. She had the usual mesh bag hanging from her head and she asked for me.

"Rather puzzled, I went out, and after much trouble found out her man had promised me a New Guinea shilling.

"As her man had 'devil in belly' he had stayed home and had sent her and wanted matches in exchange.

"She unhooked the bag off her head and dived her hand in, but was unable to find the shilling.

"She decided to empty the bag, and these were the things she took out: Two sticks cane sugar, three tins of bully beef, two roots of taro (like our turnips), one baby (no more than three weeks old by the look of it), three little pups, and, last of

all, the tobacco-tin with the shilling in it.

"How that baby and those pups fitted in the bag heaven knows, and they weren't making a murmur.

"The baby was a little plump, chocolate ball, not a stitch on him, and a patch of dirt on his chest where a taro root had been lying."

Sgt. Bill Furnell, with the R.A.A.F. in England, to Miss Shirley Novice, Ashbrook Ave., North Norwood, S.A.:

"THIS is Sunday and I went to church at 11 this morning.

"After service the vicar's wife invited me to spend the evening with them and have tea.

"So off I trot to the vicarage, not far away, and had a grand time, too.

"There were two other vicars there also. We had a grand discussion about quite a varied lot of topics, including the best country in the world, our Aussie.

"Then we went to church at 6 p.m. and I helped to fix up a few black-out blinds.

"Half-way through the service we were informed that it was now black-out time, so all the lights in the place were put out and all the congregation switched on their little torches to read hymns—quite a novel experience for me.

"There is a notice on the board in the porch requesting all people to bring their own torches to the evening service.

"The people over here do take the blackout very seriously as this town has been badly bombed and is quite an important place."

Sapper V. R. Kennedy, to his mother, Mrs. J. Kennedy, 17 O'Connell St., Newtown, N.S.W.:

"WE had a game of cricket and we won. Then the boys had a song and dance among themselves.

"We had a band made up of all our own musicians. The instruments consisted of one petrol tin and two sticks for the drum, one dozen bottles, which acted as a xylo-

LETTERS FROM OUR BOYS

Conducted by Adele Shelton Smith

THE letters you receive from your menfolk in the fighting services will interest and comfort the relatives of other soldiers, sailors, and airmen. For each letter published on this page The Australian Women's Weekly forwards payment of £1. For shorter extracts 10/- or 5/- is paid.

phone, three combs, one mouth-organ, two jam-tins as clobbers, and one big stone jar, which was blown into to make a deep sound.

"What with the boys singing a dozen different songs all together it sounded very beautiful and melodious.

"Periodically speaking, it sounded like a four-story building made of tins falling to pieces in a thunderstorm with someone thumping on an old discarded organ.

"It finished at about 2 o'clock in the morning, much to my happiness.

"All I hope is that we don't win another game of cricket."

LAC J. R. McClelland, near Darwin, to Miss Betty Roland, Crick Ave., Potts Point, N.S.W.:

"WE planned Christmas Day to be the best that the black people had ever known, and so it turned out.

"I was flat out for a few days before Christmas wrapping parcels and preparing for the big presentation.

"Breakfast was barely over when we could see that the bush was filled with blacks from near and far.

"The black boys who work here swung on to the parade ground in perfect formation, gave a salute to the C.O., and then lined up to receive promotion.

"They had been rehearsing their drill for a week and they were all dressed up and had their black locks gleaming with hair-oil. They looked mighty fine.

"Then came the presents, handed out by a real Santa Claus. We had a handsome present for every one of the working boys, their wives, and piecininnies.

"The wives were resplendent in clean dresses, and kids of all sizes and ages toddled up for their gifts.

"Unfortunately we had only been able to cater for the working boys and their families, and there were many wistful faces on the kids



R.A.A.F. BOYS in the snow in Canada: Sgt.-Obs. Pat Ryan (left) and Sgt.-Obs. Ken Wablin.

whose fathers were not in the Air Force.

"However, reinforcements in the way of lollies, cake, biscuits, etc., were brought up and tears were averted.

"We had turkey and ham for Christmas and the rest of the day was spent in general frivolity, winding up with a concert at night.

"Much as we enjoyed ourselves, however, it was essentially a black folks' day."

Sgt. J. Owen, in New Guinea, to his aunt, Mrs. E. Edwards, 24 High St., Randwick, N.S.W.:

"WE were sent out on a scouting party, and silence was our watchword.

"Slithering and groping through dense jungle we worked our way to the spot marked on our chart.

"Camping, we dined a la King's Cross, as young Brennan put it—that is, our food was all out of tins. We had no hot drink, just a swig from our water-bottles.

"Then we settled down to watch and wait. It played tricks with our nerves. No man minds a go at the Nips. Action is welcomed, but this sneaking waiting was heart-breaking.

"The stillness was unbelievable. We dared not relieve the tedium by talk or song.

"Presently young Brennan murmured: 'Cripes, those people in the flat above are making the hell of a row to-night.'

"It was difficult to restrain our laughter. The silly remark eased the tension.

"The suspected Jap posy proved a mare's nest, and next morning we wormed our way back to camp.

"Again Brennan expressed our thoughts. In a haw-haw voice he remarked: 'Ah, quite good to see the rough, leonine soldiery again!'

"The weary, scouting party was grateful to the kid for his wit and gay spirits. Of such is the A.I.P."

Driver D. Drummond, in New Guinea, to his mother, Maddock St., Dulwich Hill:

"TO-DAY I saw some natives on a lorry, and spoke to them. There were a warrior, a woman, and a younger girl.

"I asked the woman what she had under the scarlet cloth she was carrying.

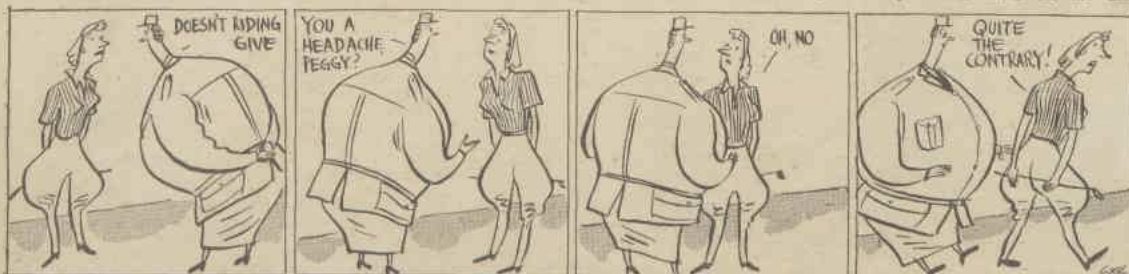
"She said: 'Keken' (girl), and showed me a baby one hour old! 'Gee, it was lovely.

"I gave her a smoke, and sixpence to hang around the baby's neck."

Pte. Vincent Leonard, to his mother, Mrs. K. Leonard, 81 Rossi St., Yass, N.S.W.:

"I AM interned at the war prisoners' camp at Moulmein, in Burma.

"Feeling O.K. Working hard and enjoying it; weight 11.5. Enjoyed Christmas dinner. Love to all. Don't worry. Am with other Yass boys, Tom McLeod and John Garron (Canberra), and my health is good."



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY . . . By Wep

As I Read the STARS by JUNE MARSDEN

THE astral influences are predominantly fortunate this week, especially for those born under the signs of Aquarius, Gemini, and Libra, with Arians and Sagittarians next in order for good times.

The groups for whom the present promises opportunities and good fortune should seek high goals and work hard to achieve them.

Those for whom the present is less promising will find that, for the most part, they can dodge trouble this week by just being cautious and keeping to routine tasks.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Things now improve somewhat, so plan modest changes and promotions. January 25 very good to 9 a.m., January 30 very helpful to 9 a.m., balance fair excepting near sunset.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 21): Be guarded. Difficulties can beset unwary Taurians, especially early on January 25, near dusk on January 28, and possibly on January 26, January 27, and February 1. Routine tasks advised.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Excellent prospects this week, especially in the early morning hours. January 25 is excellent to 9 a.m., poor to noon, then good to midnight. January 27 poor near sun-up, but very good to 8 a.m., and from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. January 31 is excellent to noon.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): Less difficulties and upsets now, but do not stress important matters yet. However, January 27, after 3 p.m., and January 28, especially near midnight, are very fair.

LEO (July 23 to August 24): Be on guard. Losses, partings, arguments or opposition are likely now, especially on January 26 (forenoon worst), January 27, early January 28, early and late January 29, and on February 1. Routine best.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Routine work and consolidation of past gains are best now. January 25 to 4 p.m. is fair.

LIBRA (September 23 to October 24): Make day while your stars shine. January 25, evening, is fair. January 26 excellent to 9 a.m., and good after 12 noon. January 27 is good from 8 a.m. to 2 p.m.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Unsettled conditions change now. Unsettled conditions can land in trouble now as help is routine advice.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 21): January 25, to 9 a.m., is very good. January 26 (excepting sunset hours) may prove surprisingly helpful. Use it wisely, and also January 27 to Sunday.

CAPRICORN (December 22 to January 20): January 25 to sunset, January 26, evening, January 27, before dawn, and January 28 to 9 a.m. are all fair.

AQUARIUS (January 20 to February 19): Keep busy, there are excellent prospects now, and early morning hours are particularly helpful. January 25, evening, is fair. January 26 to 9 a.m. is excellent, and afternoon very fair. January 27, after 11 a.m., is good. January 30, to forenoon, excellent. January 31, good to noon.

PISCES (February 19 to March 21): January 27, after 3 p.m., January 28, to 11 a.m., are fair to minor advice.

(The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.)

MOPSY—The Cheery Redhead



"That the Better Business Bureau? Will you send some over right away? We haven't sold a thing this week!"



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, is in danger of losing
LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, because
SHARPY: A wrestling manager, has tricked Lothar into signing a contract. Lothar, who only fights when angered, gives such

a display of strength after being called "sissy" at a gymnasium work-out, that a promoter, Joe, is persuaded to sign him up for a final event against Killer, a top-flight wrestler.
NOW READ ON:



I WANT TO TALK TO YOU ALONE FOR A MINUTE, KILLER.

SURE, SHARPY. MEET ME DOWN ON THE CORNER, JERRY.

KILLER, IT MEANS EVERYTHING FOR ME TO HAVE LOTHAR WIN THIS FIRST MATCH. UNDERSTAND?

MAYBE. HOW MUCH FOR ME?

A GRAND NOW, A GRAND AFTER THE FIGHT. I KNEW YOU WERE SENSIBLE.

OKAY.

YOU DON'T HAVE TO TELL ME. HE PUT THE FIX ON YOU.

THAT'S WHAT HE THINKS. I GOT IDEAS OF MY OWN.

SHARPY WANTS ME TO THROW THE FIGHT TO BUILD UP THIS LOTHAR.

YOU GOING TO DO IT, KILLER?

DO I LOOK DUMB? HE'S A POWERHOUSE, BUT HE'S A DUB. I CAN HANDLE HIM. HERE'S THE DOUGH SHARPY GAVE ME. BET IT ON ME TO WIN!

THEY ALL THINK THIS LOTHAR IS SO TERRIFIC. WELL, IF I LICK HIM, THAT MAKES ME TERRIFIC, DOESN'T IT?

BUT HE HAS SUPERHUMAN STRENGTH. ARE YOU SURE YOU CAN LICK HIM?

I GOT A SCHEME, JERRY. I AMN'T THROWING THAT DOUGH AWAY!

WHAT YOU BUYING THAT STUFF FOR, KILLER?

PART OF MY SCHEME, JERRY. YOU SEE, THIS LOTHAR CAN'T FIGHT ANYBODY UNLESS HE'S SORE AT HIM.

WHEN HE'S SORE, HE'S A TORNADO. WELL, BEFORE I'M THROUGH WITH HIM, HE'S GOING TO LOVE ME LIKE A BROTHER.

LOTHAR, TWO OF YOUR NEW COLLEAGUES ARE WAITING FOR YOU OUTSIDE. FRIENDS OR ENEMIES, I DON'T KNOW WHICH.

HELLO, KILLER. WHAT YOU WANT?

HELLO, LITTLE CHUM. JUST DROPPED IN FOR A FRIENDLY VISIT. YOU AND ME ARE GOING TO BE BUDDIES.

LOOK, LITTLE KID, DRESSED UP LIKE BIG FELLA!

OH, NO. I'M THIRTY YEARS OLD. I DRESSED UP LIKE A KID THAT DAY JUST FOR A JOKE.

JERRY AND I ARE GREAT BUDDIES. IT WAS ALL SHARPY'S IDEA TO GET YOU TO SIGN THAT CONTRACT.

HERE, I BROUGHT YOU SOMETHING. CANDY.

FOR ME? UM—CHOCOLATE MARSH STUFF. ME LIKE SPECIAL.

TO BE CONTINUED



EMERGENCY CLOAKROOM in the foyer on dance night at the club. Voluntary helpers Valda Leonard Jones and her sister Geraldine look after hundreds of hats and coats. Voluntary helpers in all branches of the club's work number 400. More helpers are needed.



HAPPY GUESTS at one of the club dances, which are held on Friday nights and Saturday afternoons. Thirty thousand servicegirls and servicemen have attended the Friday dances.

Our club for servicewomen is one year old

Girls express gratitude for its atmosphere of home

The Australian Women's Weekly Club for Servicewomen is a year old this month and will shortly celebrate its first anniversary with a special party.

IN the twelve months since it opened its doors, hundreds of servicegirls have been regular guests, and hundreds more passing through to other States have found it—in the words of one Christmas message sent to the club by an Awa—"next best thing to going home."

Many of the girls who come regularly to the club are now so much at home that they know some of the voluntary helpers by their nicknames.

The atmosphere of home is specially noticeable on Sundays, when the girls often go into the kitchen to help the voluntary helpers with the washing up.

Besides regular entertainments, the club dining-room and lounge have been made available for private functions and Services parties.

Six brides in the Forces held their wedding parties at the club, and 14 passing-out dinners and unit dances have been held there.

The interest in Sunday concerts, at which well-known musicians and singers have given very fine programmes, has grown to such an extent that this year the concerts will be held on Sunday evenings instead of in the afternoons.

The work of the club is carried out by about 400 voluntary helpers, with a few paid workers.

The club's "flower lady," Mrs. Gladys Lister, has done the flowers twice a week throughout the year.

She was helped with the Christmas decorations by a band of kitchen workers, who stayed till the early hours of the morning making Christmas wreaths and garlands.

Voluntary workers include busy housewives, schoolteachers, business girls.

"They have done a magnificent year's work," said Mrs. Owen Francis, honorary organiser of the club, "and we would welcome more voluntary workers so that the work could be lightened a little for these stalwart helpers."

"One of our schoolteachers, Miss I. Herbert, who is now 'Herby' to hundreds of girls, gives three nights a week as well as doing regular week-end duty."

"Miss B. Taylor, who works three days a week in the kitchen, is one of many who have never missed a day or night on duty."

"One of our very young workers comes on duty before going to work, during her lunch hour, and often after she finishes at her office in the evening."

The information bureau covers all types of inquiries from where to get a uniform dry cleaned quickly to where a servicewoman can go for a game of golf or tennis.

FIGURES FOR YEAR

FIGURES in the annual reports from the various committees which staff our club for servicewomen give some idea of the big task the club has undertaken.

● In the dining-room, 125,400 meals have been served during the year; there have been 30,000 bookings in the dormitories, and 182,000 people have been served from the snack-bar.

● There have been 10,200 appointments in the hairdressing salon, and 3000 facials and manicures, and 4300 girls have used the laundry.

● Thirty thousand servicemen and servicegirls have attended the Friday night dances, and hundreds have learned to dance at the Saturday afternoon dance class.

This bureau handles all concession and free theatre tickets.

The Minerva, Tivoli, and other theatres have been very generous with tickets.

The information bureau also deals with offers of private hospitality.

Recently two girls who had been stationed near the sea for years wanted to take their leave in the country.

Accommodation was unobtainable, but through the club's information bureau they received an offer of private hospitality in the mountains.

A party of N.Z. servicewomen saw Sydney through the information bureau.

The duties of the bureau have included arranging a church wedding, and finalising accommodation for several honeymoons and for servicewomen with husbands home on leave.

The club is usually booked out in the week-ends, and on several occasions when girls have arrived on late trains voluntary helpers have taken them home as their guests.

There have been lots of unexpected reunions at the club.

One night a young sailor stepped out of the lift. A pretty Waaf rushed across the foyer and flung her arms round his neck. They were brother and sister from Queensland, who had not seen each other for three years.

As well as a reading library, a deposit library has now been opened. For a deposit of 2/- servicewomen can obtain recently published books.

A gift of 15 worth of books from the N.S.W. Hockey Association helped to launch the library, and the committee would welcome additions of any recent publications.

The club has made its premises available for Army Education activities.

A successful class in voice culture for both servicewomen and servicemen has been conducted by Evelyn Gardner, the Gilbert and Sullivan singer.

Next year the classes will include voice culture again; posture and deportment, by Mrs. Phyllis McNaughton; home decoration, by Miss Nora McDougall.

A group of Awacs has arranged to hold its own discussion group there every week.



SNACK BAR serves cool drinks, ice-cream, afternoon tea. The snack bar has served 162,000 customers during the year, in addition to 125,000 meals served in the dining-room. Voluntary helper Miss Z. Barkas takes their orders from Nurse P. A. Dudfield (N.Z.E.F.), and ACW W. Campbell (W.A.A.F.).



PREPARING AFTERNOON TEA in the snack kitchen. Voluntary helpers Mrs. J. Travers (standing) and Miss I. McCracken.



SHOPPING at the club canteen. Miss B. Fox and Miss Williams (A.A.M.W.S.) make some purchases from voluntary helper Mrs. J. Wilson.

MEN OF THE BLACK WATCH IN AUSTRALIA



FINE FEATHERS. Sgt. Tom Withington puts Black Watch tuft of red feathers, known as a hackle, in Balmoral cap.



TATTOOED BACK of Pte. Jim Brown, who has not been home for over seven years.



A SPRIG OF HEATHER brings a smile to Sergeant Tom Moyes and Sergeant Fred Muir, of the Black Watch. It was grown by Mr. Jock Young, of Olinda, Victoria, whose brother was killed serving with this famous British regiment during the last war.



EMPIRE TEAM. Australian Driver Joe Edwards examines medal ribbons worn by Corporal Andy Fairbairn, of Glasgow.



BRAWNY SCOTS of famous Black Watch at an Australian camp. From left: Pte. Jim Brown, L/Cpl. Dave Flett, L/Cpl. George Erskine, and Corporal Andy Fairbairn.

The Girl Left Behind

Continued from page 5

Animal Antics



"Fix Mr. Spots up in the elevator shaft!"

a different world now. He comes out of it, back to me. Why can't I give him the hours, the days, generously?

Perhaps I should not go back to the United States if I can manage to stay. I could find a room near here.

But it would be cheating on her work. That wasn't what they had sent her over here to do. But work seemed so remote to-night.

Does Kip still love me, she asked herself, or is it Eve Kennedy he wants? Is she just another one of the girls who are always attracting him and always will attract him because he's interested in women?

There was no peace at the end of her thoughts. They wore her out in the end, and she slept helplessly.

What she could remember of that anger and fear seemed very silly in the dining-room at breakfast. It was so sunny, and everyone was so kind and interested in her. Breakfast itself was a scene out of an English story. Sir Philip ate tranquilly. Pam noticed that in addition to his porridge he had only toast and honey. But there were silver dishes on the sideboard and sausage was under one of the covers and fish under another.

The minister enjoyed his breakfast, seeming less tired, and the signs of what must have been a characteristic joviality were apparent in him.

Mrs. Hines sat by Pamela and asked her questions.

"I am so interested in the States," she said. "I wonder if you know anything about a place called Kansas City? A friend of mine married a young man who took her there to live. I believe they are very comfortable."

Pamela had plenty of information about Kansas City to draw upon. She had lived there briefly once. She explained that and described the city, and Sir Philip, lighting his pipe, listened with great interest.

Eve, coming through the long windows, followed by two dogs, was not in the least morbid. She was wearing another pair of slacks and a striped jersey, and she hardly seemed to know Kip was there. She spoke to everyone, said she'd had her breakfast, and began to talk over some gardening matter with her father.

"Sleep all right?" asked Kip.

"Like a top," Pam lied cheerfully.

He finished a dish of strawberries and took time to stare at her.

"You kind of forget that American girls get themselves up better than any other girls in the world," he said.

"Like it?" she asked. "It's easy to pack, and doesn't wrinkle."

"It's worth it if it took a convoy to bring it over."

"That's a nice new compliment," said Eve. "Can I have it to use in my next ad?"

Kip laughed and glanced at her. He had been looking at Pamela with unreserved admiration for all the company to see as his words were for them all to hear. But as his eyes touched Eve's, something swift and contentious and magnetic held their glances in question and answer for a moment, and again Pam felt what she had felt before, an interchange which was close between the two others, closer than the familiarity which Kip gave to her, more intimate than his hand taking hold of her own now.

To be continued

PAM's room was at the end of a corridor, down several steps, and adjoined by a big bathroom, where the tub sat solemnly on high legs and the wash-bowl was made of red-veined marble. The iris was in the faded purple embroidery of the bed hangings.

The maid was not young and looked very frail. Pam thought that was probably why she was in domestic service and decided to ask her about that to-morrow.

"I shan't need anything," she said. "You won't have to bother about me at all. It must be a problem to have guests in wartime."

"We can't do as well as we should," answered May. "But it's better with company than lonely here."

"Is there a hospital close by?" "It's the old Dower House that has been made into a hospital. This house might have been one, too, but there was the people from the village to take care of. We had only here one night, miss. Sleeping all through the house in every bed Miss Eve thought they'd be better off if they didn't go far from their homes. She settled them back before she went off to America."

"They must be very fond of her," said Pam warmly.

It struck her that the housemaid looked startled. She said, "Yes, miss," obediently, and went away.

For a moment after she had hung up her two dresses, Pam leaned out of the window, savoring what was happening. It was amazing to be here in this beautiful old house with Kip. It felt so safe. This was more like a romantic honeymoon than a wartime meeting with a fiancé. It would have been perfect, if she could have had him to herself.

He likes Eve Kennedy, she thought. But he should. She's undoubtedly a fascinating person. Glamorous. She must be good, too, because she's done what she has. Housed all these people, raised money for them, worked in that hospital—it's a record even for wartime.

A girl appeared from behind a high

hedge at the end of the terraces below, walking toward the house. She was wearing blue slacks and a white shirt and sandals. She was thin, and her face was pale and almost expressionless as she came close enough for it to be defined. The girl was smoking easily, as if from constant habit, not touching the cigarette, her hands in the pockets of her slacks.

It was a face that was sad almost to despair. Pam stood back out of sight, watching it. For she knew this must be Eve Kennedy.

Then she saw the expression change saw interest come into it, and challenge and mockery, as Kip's voice called out. "Hi there, Eve! We got here!"

Pam went down to find them. She was afraid of the meeting and contemptuous of herself for being shy of it. In her first close glance and short handshake, she told Eve Kennedy that she wanted to be friendly and that she liked to be generous and would play fair. Eve's expression was fully masked. It told nothing in spite of her frank words.

"You're good to come down. You probably hated it."

"It wasn't that," Pam protested, feeling caught out and yet glad that this girl understood.

"You wanted him to yourself, of course. But there won't be much interference."

Kip was looking at Eve. "You won't be so bored," he said, and that was a reference to some duel between them.

Eve didn't quarrel. She spoke to Pam. "You don't have to pay any attention to people round here. Mr and Mrs. Hines are pretty well tired out. His ministry has been catching it hard and heavy and I promised them oblivion for a day or two. My aunt Emma is here, but she's busy all the time. Father's coming down to-night. Three or four convalescents for dinner to-morrow—that's all."

Kip asked, "How's Kellie?" Did you see him at the hospital?"

"He's very bad."

"No chance?" She shook her head. "Does he know that?" "I told him. He asked me." "I suppose that was the thing to do?"

"He's an organizer. He's putting everything in nice shape. It gives him something to do, to organize his death. Keeps him from thinking of it."

"Shall I go over?" "I wouldn't." She spoke without emphasis but with a kind of authority that settled it.

Kip answered the question Pam was not asking aloud. "They got this fellow last week. He's an American. Nice fellow. Went to Princeton."

"Which matters awfully little at the moment. Where he's going they don't have to read or write," said Eve. "How about tea?"

Tea was served on the end of the terrace, and Pam felt that it was to accordance with a long-established family habit. The same housemaid she had already seen brought out the tea-tray. The Hines appeared, a middle-aged couple looking as if their worries and responsibilities had been mutual and had worn them thin.

They had a great interest in what was going on in the United States, and Pamela, drawing on a fund of information which had been built up by listening and talking to Alec and Jerome Hines, answered their questions and found that she was pleasing not only them, but Kip.

He watched her proudly, once or twice showing that she belonged to him by a touch on her shoulder, always standing near her.

And Pamela felt that none of that oylap was between them alone, but that Eve Kennedy knew that it was happening without looking up from pouring the tea. Pam felt that Kip meant to have it noticed, and there was something flagrant and troubling about it, as if a struggle was going on between the other two.

It would be hard, she thought, to win against Eve Kennedy. For all her thinness, Eve looked as if she could resist anything, control anything.

The food itself bore witness to her competence. There were big fresh strawberries that Eve had grown and picked herself, so Mrs. Hines told Pamela. There was dark golden honey. Bees were important in a household that supplied delicacies to a hospital, and Eve saw that there was plenty of honey.

"Are you going into a new show this year, Eve?" Mrs. Hines asked. Eve lifted her shoulders. "I don't know. I'm reading some plays. Morris hounds me about it. But I don't know what people want."

"Is that what you try to do? Give them what they want?" "Or what I want," answered Eve. Then a man came through the french doors, and with a sudden change in her face, as if affection swept everything else away for once, she smiled.

"Hello, Father. You haven't had tea, have you?" Pamela glanced at Kip to see if he had noticed Eve's face. He had. He was watching her intently as her expression slipped back into its usual indifferent mockery, and she said, "I want you to meet Miss Nellie. Father, this is, as they say in the States, Kip's girl. Isn't that right, Kip?"

"That's right," he said, and to Pamela it sounded like defiance.

There was no appointment between them, but Kip knew that if he came down early for dinner Eve might be there. It had happened before. She was there as if she had called him and was waiting for him to respond, and yet so casually that even he couldn't be quite sure.

"Hello," said Kip. "I thought Pam might be down. She ought to see this terrace while it's still light."

"Her windows look out over it," said Eve.

"Why did you put her on that side of the house?" "Why not? It's a good room. We had a princess in it once."

"You are human," he said. "You're just a jealous girl."

She didn't answer. "She is beautiful, isn't she?" asked Kip.

"Very."

"Don't you think I did pretty well for myself?"

"To what way?" "I was going to marry Pam."

"You told me that," said Eve. "It was rotten luck."

"Was it?" she asked. Her glance didn't fall. It knew all about him.

"Eve," he said. "I want to know."

"Library of the Air" PRESENTS "REBECCA"



"LIBRARY OF THE AIR" brings to life Daphne du Maurier's best selling novel, "REBECCA," in a series of three-quarter hour episodes.

Maxim de Winter .. Richard Ashley
Mrs. de Winter .. Sheila Sewell
Mrs. Danvers .. Hilda Scurr
Mrs. Van Hopper .. Yvonne Banvard

2GB THURS. 8 P.M.
COMM. FEB. 3

Film Reviews

★★★ VICTORY THROUGH AIR POWER

WALT DISNEY'S screen adaptation of Major de Seversky's best-seller makes a timely and engaging film.

The presentation is graphic enough for even a youngster to understand, and there is not a dull moment in this skilful blending of cartoons, documentaries, and prophecies.

Through a brilliant technicolor array of maps and diagrams, Disney has animated de Seversky's ideas with a telling clarity, and the narrative, spoken by the former Russian ace himself, is logical and absorbing.

The film traces the growth of aviation from the first, now comical, attempts of the Wright Brothers in 1903 to the present, spectacular war machines, and illustrates the vast importance of air strategy in the present war—Embassy; showing.

★★ SALUDOS AMIGOS

THIS lively and amusing show brings to the screen the first group of the countless impressions gleaned by Walt Disney during his recent film survey trip through South America.

The incredible bursts of color are truly eye-filling, and the insouciant and exciting South American rhythm will set your feet tapping.

Donald Duck is completely overshadowed by the introduction of an intriguing new character, Jose Carioca, the Brazilian parrot.

Only fault of the film lies in its episodic quality, and lack of even flow—Embassy; showing.

★ SALUTE JOHN CITIZEN

THERE are dull moments in this simple tale, just as in the lives of the people it portrays—average British citizens—but the film has such sincerity and warmth of feeling that its very mediocrity has a certain appeal. Even so, more originality could have given it much greater attraction.

Edward Rigby is supremely well cast as John Citizen. As a 62-year-old employee in a large store he is confronted with all the disillusion and family tragedies, great and small, of the average suburban father. The coming of war solves his own unemployment trouble, but brings with it tragedies of personal loss in war.

Stanley Holloway and George Robey are convincing in important roles, and Mabel Constanduros, as Mrs. Bunting, combines motherliness with charm—Lyceum; showing.

★ HER CARDBOARD LOVER

IF ever an actor excelled in subtlety it is George Sanders. A tilt of the head, a flick of the eye



CAPTAIN CLARK GABLE was warmly welcomed when he returned to Hollywood, after a nine months' absence, to edit a U.S. Air Force film. Mrs. Jean Gracau, Gable's secretary, and Ralph Wheelwright, of MGM, were among those who met him.

Garson may come here

Cabled by VIOLA MacDONALD from Hollywood

Australians may have a chance to see at first hand Greer Garson, the star who received the Academy Award for her superb portrayal of Mrs. Miniver. Miss Garson is giving serious thought to an idea put forth by the famous Shakespearean actor and producer, Maurice Evans.

EVANS has asked her to tour overseas with him, probably in the South Pacific area, with a repertoire of condensed Shakespearean comedies.

Before Miss Garson could leave on such a tour she would have to complete the filming of Louis Bromfield's story, "Mrs. Parkington."

IDA LUPINO is busy nursing her husband, Captain Louis Hayward, through his convalescence. She has taken him home from hospital, where he was sent after being wounded in the South Pacific.

ELEANOR POWELL has applied for a patent for the new type of tap she has invented for dancing shoes.

FRIENDS of Dick Powell and Joan Blondell are hoping there will be a reconciliation between the

is all Sanders needs to convey his meaning. What a pity, then, that in this farce he is used to throw china and fight with mops. The other party to this heavy-handed would-be humor is Robert Taylor.

And the cause of all the furor? None other than Norma Shearer. Of course, Norma's vast following of fans may think the fight worth while for such a prize.

If anything could have saved the film it would have been the delicious settings and super photography—Capitol and Cameo; showing.

two. Dick has arrived to talk over marital problems with his wife, who is still suffering from a nervous breakdown. He says he has no news to give out yet, as he and Joan have not had time to discuss things fully.

CAPTAIN CLARK GABLE attended the launching of a liberty ship named ss. Corde Lombard, in honor of his wife, the beloved film star who was killed in an air crash while on a war bond selling tour. The ship was launched on the second anniversary of her death and was christened by her close friend, Irene Dunne. Fifteen thousand witnessed the launching at Calship shipyards and Louis Mayer was master of ceremonies.

MARY BOLAND's condition is improving after her recent operation, which followed a fall from a train.

IT was a dramatic moment for Hollywood night-clubbers when Ann Southern, dancing with her new beau, Steve Hannagan, of New York, met her former husband, George Brent. Ann introduced the two with great poise.

JOHN CARRADINE's wife has announced she will divorce him, and then John will marry 21-year-old Sonia Sorel, now playing Ophelia to his stage Hamlet. The Carradines have two children.

VIENNESE star Luise Rainer is now entertaining Allied troops in Italy.

The Queen's Expedition

Continued from page 2

"H. well," laughed Mr. Scott. "I've no objection. I can see you're a real devotee."

"Devotee my foot! I'm a crank, and not afraid to admit it. All chess players are cranks, and don't you tell me different, young fellow. If I wasn't a crank, would I be here begging you to give me a game?"

Percival chuckled. "I suppose you're right, sir. If you'll excuse me, I'll get some men."

He returned with a board and a set of well-made chessmen. Mr. Mantering eyed them lovingly as Percival set them up.

"How much you asking for this set?" he inquired.

"Four guineas, sir. Worth actually five, but Scott's for value."

Samuel smiled. "I believe you, in this case. I'll take 'em. Give you my cheque before I go." He chuckled suddenly. "If my customers can deal from you, why can't I?" He was vastly amused. "That's giving you my blessing properly, isn't it?"

"It's very kind of you, sir. If you'll not take offence, the set is yours, with my compliments."

"I'll accept, son, and thank you." The tone of his voice made young Scott happy. "Why, he's a likable old bird, in spite of his gruff ways," he thought.

"How long have you been playing," asked Samuel as Mr. Scott shuffled two pawns beneath the edge of the table.

"Well, only a couple of years, sir," replied Percival, holding out his closed hands. Samuel indicated the left hand, and his opponent opened it, disclosing the white pawn.

Samuel arranged his forces meticulously. "I've a bit of an advantage, it seems. Fifty years' experience against two—But, praps you're pretty good. How good are you?"

"I played a draw with Wallington, the State champion," said Mr. Scott modestly. "I had black."

"A draw, eh? That's pretty good. What game did he play?"

"Queen's pawn."

"Ha," thought Samuel. "my favorite opening." Aloud he said: "You're partial to it, then, when you've got black?"

Mr. Scott spread his hands. "Well, I drew with it, sir." He certainly had not strayed from truth in his claim, but the facts of that game with the champion are worthy of mention. Wallington had given a simultaneous display against a hundred players, of whom Percival had been one. The day had been hot, and the room, being crowded, and consequently stuffy, Mr. Wallington had been only too eager to offer draws to the last twenty players to finish. Percival had been one of the latter, and had he not been late in starting his game, it is probable that he would not have advanced to the "draw" stage. Mr. Wallington had won the first eighty games with the utmost ease, and if the last twenty had refused the draws he offered, it is quite reasonable to assume that he would have resigned them, in order to escape the vitiated air of the room.

But, Mr. Mantering knew nothing of all this, and to Mr. Scott justice, he had honestly believed, since very few captures had been made, that he had played an equal game with Mr. Wallington. "Well," said Samuel, "seeing that you drew with the champion, I'll not be taking an advantage if I play the same opening."

"Much obliged," said Percival. He hesitated, and looked curiously at his opponent. Never at any time far from the surface, Mr. Scott's gambling propensity was manifesting itself. Samuel caught the look, and inquired: "Well?"

"I was wondering, sir," said Percival a little diffidently. "If you'd care for a little bet on the game?"

"I've never yet bet on a game of chess," said Samuel, "but, since I'm obliged to you for playing me, I don't see why I shouldn't accommodate you. It'll be a new experience. What size stake?"

"Oh, I've no particular limit. Will you suggest something?"

"You sure of beating me?"

"I think I'll win, sir," said Mr. Scott, calmly.

"Not if you fall into one of my traps, you won't," Samuel muttered grimly to himself. He was not inclined to believe that young Scott, with two years' experience, could hope to beat him, Sam Mantering, with his fifty years' experience and

his profound knowledge of traps and pitfalls. Had no particular limit, eh? By gosh, he'd a mind to teach this young shaver a lesson he wouldn't forget in a hurry. Wanted to bet, did he? Right, the bet would be a sizable one. He said: "Oh, you think you'll win, eh. Well, suppose you start the bidding?"

Mr. Scott considered. "Would a 'five' be too high, sir?"

"Would a five be too high, sir?" mocked Samuel. "That's how confident he is. A five, I thought you wanted to bet."

Scott, the gambler, rose to the bait.

"Twenty, fifty, a hundred!" he suggested eagerly.

Samuel cocked an eye at him. "A thousand?" he asked softly. Percival gasped, and one glance at the old man assured him that this was no jest. He gave a nervous laugh.

"I'm afraid, sir, Scott's hasn't that much in the petty cash account, and, unfortunately, the business isn't loose cash."

"The business!" echoed Mr. Mantering, "what if it did represent loose cash?"

"I'd stake it!" said Percival simply.

Samuel searched his face. "You would, eh? How much stock have you, young fellow?"

"Stock? Oh, about five thousand."

"Right," Mr. Mantering leaned forward and spoke with calm deliberation. "I'll make you a bet. Your business against a half-share in mine. My stock's worth twelve thousand. Odds of six to five, are you on?"

Percival hesitated only a half-second. "It's a bet, sir." He took Samuel's extended hand. "Want a signed agreement?"

"Your word of honor will do me," said Samuel.

"And yours will do me," said Percival.

"Good. I'll borrow a pen and paper, if I may. Want to send a message?"

MR. SCOTT provided the winks, and Samuel was busy writing for a few minutes. He sealed his message in an envelope and addressed it, and handed it to Percival. "Will you see that this is delivered at once?"

Percival despatched a clerk with the letter, and Samuel asked: "Can you get someone to referee the game?"

Mr. Scott went to the door and called, "Mr. Bateman." Mr. Bateman proved to be First Assistant Drapery. Samuel glared at him. "You play chess?" he barked.

"Slightly, sir."

"Then sit down there and referee this game. Keep your eyes open, and your mouth shut. Understand?"

"Perfectly, sir."

"Right." He turned to Percival. "Like to toss again?"

"I'm content with black," said Percival.

"Good. Before we start, I'd like to say this. You're game, son."

Percival silently acknowledged the compliment.

"Here we go," said Samuel, making his first move with the queen's pawn, to which Percival retaliated with a like move. The next five moves were played in quick succession, and then Mr. Scott hesitated. So far the game had proceeded exactly as the one he had played with Wallington. "Now," thought Percival, "if I can draw with Wallington, I see no reason why, if I change my game a bit, I shouldn't win against old Samuel."

Why allow white to take the offensive, when black could do so equally? And who was better equipped to go on a punitive expedition than the queen? Mr. Scott had great faith in the powers of the lady, so he brought her into action.

The results were startling. Not realising that Samuel was deliberately feeding them to him to blind his real game, Percival found himself triumphantly taking one after another of his opponent's men.

Eventually, as Percival's hand hovered over a knight, his intentions were rudely interrupted by a discreet cough from the referee, First Assistant Drapery.

Please turn to page 31

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Radio composer's new song sent to Moscow papers

"Curl the Mo, Uncle Joe," a new song written by Jack Lumsdaine, has been translated into Russian and sent through the Tass News Agency to the Moscow Press.

The song will have its Australian premiere shortly in "Australia Sings," musical half-hour heard from 2GB every Sunday night.

PHOTOSTAT copies have been sent to London publishers, the B.B.C., and to America.

With the Russian translation has been sent an explanation of the meaning of "Curl the Mo."

Jack Lumsdaine said: "I don't actually know the origin, except that I think it is a racecourse expression, but it means 'Everything's good.'"

"Big twist," which is used in the chorus, means 'extra good.' 'On the lapel' means 'no good,' and 'big tug' means 'not so good.'"

The title page of the song depicts the Tehran conference. Stalin—smoking his pipe—is in the middle, with Churchill and his inevitable cigar on one side, and Roosevelt, with cigarette, on the other.

The theme was inspired when Jack

Lumsdaine and Jack Hatch, a journalist friend, were investing a few shillings in a flag machine. On this machine there were three Russian flags, which were paying handsomely.

When the men were down to their last chip, up came the Russian flag, and Jack Hatch remarked, "Curl the Mo, Uncle Joe."

"What a title for a song," said Jack Lumsdaine, and they immediately set out to develop the idea.

Jack Lumsdaine, who works as composer, producer, and pianist at 2GB, is responsible for unusual musical arrangements for the finales to the "Australia Sings" session.

One popular arrangement was the George M. Cohan finale, and another was an operatic version of "Don't Sit Under the Apple Tree."

Among popular Lumsdaine compositions are "Scalegangs," "Bomba,"

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY SESSION FROM 2GB

EVERY DAY FROM 4.30 TO 5 P.M.

WEDNESDAY, January 26: Rex Edwards' Gardening Talk.
THURSDAY, January 27 (from 4.30 to 4.45): Goodie Reese presents "All Those in Love."
FRIDAY, January 28: The Australian Women's Weekly presents Goodie Reese in Gems of Melody.
SATURDAY, January 29: Goodie Reese presents Radio competition, Melody Pursuance.
SUNDAY, January 30 (4.15 to 5.0): The Australian Women's Weekly presents "Festival of Music."
MONDAY, January 31: Goodie Reese's "Letters From Our Boys."
TUESDAY, February 1: Musical Alphabet.

"Don't Worry," "The Pace of My Old Sweetheart," and "Where the Shannon Flows Down to the Sea." Lumsdaine is heard in "Tune Tops" from 2GB every Monday to Thursday at 5.45 p.m. For this session he uses his composition, "Scalegangs," as introductory and closing theme.

He will also be heard in a new version of "Learn a Tune," which will begin soon on 2GB.



BRISBANE WEDDING for Lieut. Ian Picken, of Melbourne, and his bride, A.W.A.S. Lieutenant Janet Cameron McLeay, of Chatswood. Members of bride's unit form guard of honor outside St. Andrew's.



WALKING DOWN Neutral Bay wharf to embark on patrol launch Sea Way for her marriage to Alan Shipley is bride Marjorie Doyle and her matron of honor, Mrs. George Lekanoudas.



MRS. DOUGLAS MACARTHUR, wife of General MacArthur, launches new Australian destroyer at N.S.W. dockyard. Ship is named H.M.A.S. Bataan as tribute to General MacArthur.

On and off DUTY.

ARROWS CLUB hostess thinks up another theme for their monthly party—this time they adopt backblocks atmosphere and call their party the "Snowy River Stakes."

Comic horse pictures, racing games, a "bookie," and hostess Nell Backhouse as "clerk of the course," turn club into picnic race meeting for the evening.

Biggest laugh is gained by four servicemen, who don pantomime costumes of horses and do impromptu "dance" through the ballroom.

American servicemen at party specially delighted when Marie Ward, dressed in jodhpurs and colored shirt, recited "Man From Snowy River."

AFTER their wedding at St. Peter's Church, Glenelg, S.A., Flight-Lieut. and Mrs. Bob Wingrove leave for Sydney, where they have taken a flat.

Bride was formerly Judy Stoddart, third daughter of Dr. and Mrs. H. W. D. Stoddart, of Glenelg, and bridegroom, who is the son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wingrove, of Chatswood, N.S.W., was civil airways pilot before the war.

WHITE lace gown is choice of Nancy Lyons for her wedding to Captain Owen Traynor, A.I.F., at St. Martha's Church, Strathfield.

Bride, who is the elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Lyons, of Strathfield, is attended by her sister, Shirley, Judith Wilkinson, and June Nieldie.

Bridegroom is the second son of Mr. and Mrs. R. J. Traynor, of Moosman.

Reception is held at Amory, Ashfield.

MRS. H. E. EDWARDS, who has been president of the Narromine Red Cross Branch for 14 years, was entertained by the members of the local Red Cross branch and the Returned Soldiers' League on her 74th birthday.

Birthday cake was decorated with the figures "74" outlined in candied.

SIGNALWOMAN VERONA MAY GORDON dons her A.W.A.S. uniform for her wedding to W/O. Harry Campbell Maden, R.A.A.F., at the Sacred Heart Church, Cooma-mundra.

Bride, who is the only child of Mr. and Mrs. D. Gordon, of Madamona, Queensland, wears ice-blue lacquered satin, and is attended by Wran Ivy Cullen.

Bridegroom, who is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. George Maden, of Hawthorn, Victoria, is attended by LAC Noel Kier, R.A.A.F.

After ceremony there is a reception at the C.W.A. rooms. Presents include a cheque from the bride's uncle, Sir Thomas Gordon, of Sydney.



RECENTLY MARRIED. Captain Roy A. Lushorn, U.S.A.F., and his wife, formerly Irene Robottom, just returned from honeymoon.



SERVICE WEDDING. Major Douglas Starrock, A.I.F., A.A.M.C., and his bride, Sister Catherine Neale, A.I.F., leave St. Philip's after their wedding.



FIRST RACE MEETING of new Sydney Turf Club, at Randwick. Pat Coen and Joan Allen are among early arrivals.



CHOOSING TROPHIES for Stage Door Canteen Dog Show, at the Sydney Sports Ground on March 11, are (from left) Rita Pauncefort, Mrs. George Edwards, and Lyn Foster.

ON behalf of Lebanon Ladies' League, Lady Wakehurst presents six ambulances to the Army at Amory, Ashfield.

This brings total of ambulances presented by the league up to ten. In addition they present mobile X-ray unit to R.A.A.F.

SUZANNE is name chosen by Lieut. Mervyn Rich, A.I.F., and his wife, Helen, for their baby daughter born recently at Helenie Hospital, Randwick.

Mrs. Rich was formerly Helen Loebel, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. S. Loebel, of Coogee.

Interesting People

SQUADRON-LEADER R. H. GIBBES

... Kittyhawk squadron
ONE of the most decorated men in R.A.A.F., 26-year-old Squadron-Leader R. H. Gibbes, D.S.O., D.F.C., and Bar, former leader of famous R.A.A.F. No. 3 Kittyhawk Squadron in Middle East, has returned to Australia to take another post. Led his squadron, which has more kills to its credit than any other fighter formation in Middle East, in fierce fighting from El Alamein to Tripolitania. Has himself shot down 101 enemy planes.



MISS MARJORIE ROUSE
... food policy

DIETITIAN in Commonwealth Department of Labour and National Service, Miss Marjorie Rouse, of Sydney, has been awarded British Council Scholarship for Dominion graduates for 1943. Already B.Sc., Dip. Ed., Certificate in Dietetics, Sydney University. While in England will do research. "It is a wonderful opportunity to study Britain's post-war nutrition plans," she says.



MR. MILTON A. RIECK

... entertainments supervision
NEWLY arrived in Australia from U.S.A., Mr. Milton A. Rieck is entertainment supervisor for American Red Cross in the Third Base Area.

His job is concerned with American Red Cross Service clubs, hospitals, and camps. He has had many years' professional experience on New York stage, and has written and produced radio serials in U.S.A.



Play clothes made from bits and pieces

● Play dress for carefree week-ends, cleverly made of odd lengths of blue and red check gingham and white cotton. Tailored, cool, and gay.

● Odd scraps of gay spotted fabric make sleeves, pocket tops, sash, and hip patches for a sunny dress of daffodil-yellow linen or rayon.



● Take one of last season's cotton or linen shirtmaker dresses, and convert it into a pinafore to wear to the beach over your tailored shorts and shirt.

● Two odd lengths of material could make a two-colored skirt like this. Join the contrasting colors centre front, add two whopping pockets on odd sides, and wear it with any bright-colored blouse.

Rene



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SOMETHING NEW UNDER THE SUN

● This is the time of the year when you've got to fight that depression that is the aftermath of holidays . . . you are perpetually hot and drowsy, and yearn to escape to the seaside, but you've got to stick to your job.

You long to pep up your jaded spirits with a brand-new outfit, but those freshly made New Year's resolutions were pretty firm about reckless spending.

You did determine, however to make the best of things, to look immaculately groomed and try all the ingenious little tricks to add fillip to your wardrobe. Here are a few hints that should help you to see summer out with a swagger.

By PEG MCCARTNEY

LET white be your summer color—because it makes you look unbelievably brown and healthy and cool as a mint patch—whether you are or not. Bring icing-white fittings out of your bag. Pin a huge clump of shasta daisies on your lapel. Wear a white linen waistcoat, tailored like a man's. Sun-glasses with glistening white rims. Frost a black frock with a wide, hand-crocheted belt of white cotton and match it with a cute Dutch cap.



IF YOU ARE BORED with your black silk frock or suit, give it a new lease of life with a couple of applied bows in palest pink grosgrain. At the same time pep up your hat with a yard of coarse fishnet veiling caught pertly under the chin.



THIS DRAMATIC LITTLE TOQUE might look like the smartest thing this side of New York, but with white cotton yarn, a crochet hook, and a little patience you can make yourself one just like it, and the cost is practically negligible. Draped with a whiff of veiling it's lovely enough to wear at your own wedding.

NO doubt you've never worn a cobweb, but that's exactly the way you'll feel in a capacious snood of finest lace . . . heavenly for important evening dates. These snoods show, yet protect, the hair—and they are outrageously flattering.

HAND-KNITTED silk scarves, about a foot wide, and more than a yard in length, make enchanting sash belts . . . particularly effective when made from multi-colored silks that knit into bright stripes.

Certain to make a dull frock look fresh and gay—that's how much individuality and spirited charm it has.

DELECTABLE little bedjackets for brides-to-be are made of rows and rows of frilled ribbon sewn on net. The ribbon is shaded from blue to mauve and from mauve to pink, and back through mauve and blue again. It weighs but a few ounces, looks like a tinted cloud, and is guaranteed to make any woman feel cherished, pretty, and fragile as an orchid.

SEND your small fry out looking as cool as an ice-cream in trim grey or white silk outfits, pepped up with scarlet ankle socks. Fashion-conscious youngsters will demand a matching red hair ribbon or scarlet tie according to sex.

FLAVOR your wardrobe with a giddy touch of glitter, and twist a long crocheted scarf of gold metal thread turban-wise round your head. Match it up with cute, wrist-length crocheted mittens.

FOR little formal dinners or a show in town you can work miracles with your plain black frock by adding a pert white foam at the neckline and wrists. Easy to acquire by filching the organdie ruffles from a discarded evening gown.

A HECTIC, carnival-striped short-sleeved jacket, tailored to a T, will bring out the latent Latin in you, and add intrigue to your sober frocks.

THE severest black taffeta sailor—of the 1939 era—becomes smartly 1944 and tantallises with a filmy black veil caught back by a couple of languid pink gardenias.

THE Chinese influence in fashion, like the Chinese themselves, progresses steadily and quietly. You'll see it indicated in the string-colored short coolie jackets that team so gracefully with any frock. Add a tonic touch of Oriental color with deep cuffs and pockets made from rows of scarlet, green, and yellow rick-rack braid sewn together with faggoting.

FALL for the frivolity of bows, and scatter the wide-flared cuff of your fabric gloves with tiny, varicolored ribbon bows—blues, char- treuses, green, fuchsias—according to your taste.

THE drawstring bag—frameless, metal-less, using no war-required materials—is our latest love. Try making one yourself in a bright navy felt, and set a garland of brilliant felt flowers around the base. For additional drama make a matching clump of flowers to garnish your navy snood.

IF you yearn for feminine frou-frou crochet a white cotton skull cap, and cover completely with white starched pique daisies, and make another whopping bunch of the daisies to garnish the neckline of your frock.

**New Under-arm
Cream Deodorant
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Stops Perspiration**



1. Does not rot dresses—does not irritate skin.
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they rely
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CINERARIAS yield a rich harvest of color in a corner of this garden.

Sow now for SPRING GLORY

● Though you may be concentrating on your Victory garden, spare a little time for the flower garden. Here's help...

Says our HOME GARDENER

SEED BEDS and boxes should now be prepared for cinerarias, primulas, calendulas, iceland poppies, lupins, pansies, violas, nemesia, phlox, stocks, foxgloves, calceolarias, Canterbury bells, and snapdragons.

But there are others that may be sown now that will add color and brightness to the garden in late winter and springtime. Agasthea coelestis is a type of tiny blue marguerite.

The petals are a pale sky-blue with bright yellow centres—one of the happiest color combinations possible. The plant is a perennial, may be propagated easily from cuttings as well as seed, and flowers

for months of the year if afforded a sunny position and given good soil and plenty of water.

Ageratum is an annual. It is a smoky-blue colored flower. This is obtainable in several sizes. Blue Ball, a compact type reaching about 4in. and the common blue variety that grows to 18in.

Columbines are shade lovers but very bright. They flower well the second season after sowing. The long spurred hybrids are the finest, but the old-fashioned short-spurred varieties are still beautiful and popular.

For borders, seed of the following can be sown now: Alyssum, bellis perennis (double daisy), primula vera (cowslip), feliola (Kingfisher daisy), heuchera, lobelia, linaria, mathiola (night-scented stock), and nepeta (catmint).

Sunning for beauty

● Take a small dose of sunshine every day.

By
MARY ROSE
Our Beauty Expert

UNLESS your skin goes lobster-red at the touch of the sun, do use the sunshine as a cosmetic to turn you honey-gold or bronze-brown.

If you can't get to the seaside, tan up in your own back-yard.

Take your sunshine early. It's better for you.

Go gradually at first, five minutes on your front and five minutes on your back. On the second day you can double the dose. Increase the dose each day.

If you go down to the beach for a day occasionally, be sure you do not bake yourself. You'll pay a heavy toll in looks and in health if you get burned.

Remember to wear sunglasses. At bedtime coat the paper-thin skin about your eyes with cream, and gently pat out the lines. Use the third finger of each hand—for extra gentleness—and lightly pat the cream under your eyes, working first inwards and then outwards over the eyelids.

Sun is a wonderful tonic for bones, for your skin. Take it in reasonable doses and you'll be repaid a hundredfold.



THIS GIRL acquired a smooth, even coat of tan during her recent holidays. She took the sun in small doses in the early part of the day. During the hottest time of the day she was careful to wear a shady hat and to cover her body and legs. Consequently she was not baked to a fizzle and looks most attractive.

FEELING "Ready to Drop"?

Even the extra strain of war-time living, of personal anxieties, and long hours of work should not exhaust your energy or destroy your joy of living. Your resources should be almost inexhaustible if only you can rebuild your normal power of recuperation. One sip of WINCARNIS the "No-Waiting Tonic" makes you feel brighter, more alert—vigorous and alive. A few more glasses put that sparkle in your eyes, spring in your step, pep into your body. WINCARNIS has this wonderful effect because its rich, choice, full-blooded wine content is supercharged with iron, vital, nourishing vitamins. It brings new strength to your brain and nerves. A long course is not necessary. You may safely take and enjoy WINCARNIS—its value is proved by the 26,000 recommendations received from medical men. Obtainable from all chemists.

Stop Kidney Poisoning To-day

If you suffer from Rheumatism, Sleepless Nights, Leg Pains, Backache, Lumbago, Nervousness, Headaches and Colds, Dizziness, Circles under Eyes, Swollen Ankles, Loss of Appetite or Energy, you should know that your system is being poisoned because germs are impairing the vital organs of your kidneys. Ordinary medicines can't help much because you must kill the germs which cause these troubles, and blood can't be pure till kidneys function normally. Stop troubles by removing cause with Cystex—the new scientific discovery which starts benefit in 2 hours. Cystex must prove entirely satisfactory and be exactly the medicine you need or money back is guaranteed. Get Cystex from your chemist or store. The Guarantee protects you.

Cystex
Now in 2 sizes: 1/2, 1/4.
Guaranteed for Kidneys, Bladder, Rheumatism.

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The very first application of Nixoderm begins to clear away skin sores. Use Nixoderm to-night, and you will soon see your skin becoming soft, smooth, and clear. Nixoderm is a new discovery that kills germs and parasites on the skin that cause Skin Sores, Pimples, Boils, Red Itchiness, Eczema, Ringworm, and Eruptions. You can't get rid of your skin troubles until you remove the germs that hide in the tiny pores of your skin. So get Nixoderm from your chemist to-day under positive guarantee that Nixoderm will banish skin sores, clear your skin soft and smooth, or money back on return of empty package.

NIXODERM 2/- & 4/-
For Skin Sores, Pimples, and Itch.

Don't disregard the mosquito menace

By
MEDICO

● Believe me when I say that no enemy carries so much power as the mosquito. Destroy it!

UP till now we've regarded the mosquito as a nuisance more than a menace. He wakes us just when we're dropping off to sleep or he drives us insane on hot summer

nights. If he only played a nerve warfare he could be tolerated, but he can do more than that.

Take the "tiger" mosquito, so called because of its white stripes. This

mosquito is found in Queensland, Western Australia, Northern Territory, and New South Wales, and is the carrier of dengue fever, a fever which is noted for its rheumatic pains and a "miserable feeling." Ask anyone who has had it.

A cousin of the "tiger" is the anopheles, the carrier of malaria. You will probably say, "Oh, but we don't have that kind in Australia." Don't make that mistake—the anopheles is widespread in this country.

But to carry the disease the mosquito has either to have the germ in its body or to bite someone with it. Fortunately, so far our mosquitoes have not been infected with the malaria germ.

However, war conditions change things. Many of our men returning from malarial districts are bound to have the complaint. And it is possible for infected mosquitoes to be carried across from the islands.

Health authorities realise the position and are taking precautions. Their aim is to rid this country of every mosquito. It is a big job, but it has been done before and under more trying conditions. The Panama Canal zone, for instance, was once a pest-ridden swamp; to-day it is a health resort. Milne Bay was changed from the most malarial area in the world to one of comparative safety.

Destroy breeding grounds

IF we all do our share this menace to our health will soon be a thing of the past. Mosquitoes, no matter what kind, have one thing in common—they all breed in water.

The brown, or "nuisance," breeds in polluted water; the tiger in still, clean water; the anopheles in shallow, grassy pools, or at the edge of slow-running creeks.

Make a tour of inspection in your own home. Empty the tins and jars in the yard, check up on the drains and netting over the tank. Don't neglect the air-raid shelter; make sure it's dry—a few spoonfuls of water will be enough to provide the mosquito with a breeding place.

Open up on the mosquito front this summer and make it a winning campaign.

Tomorrow is a Wonderful Day



Yes, to-morrow, when he returns and life really begins. The present anxious and worrying times will have gone and joy and happiness will be ours once more.

Escapade Lipstick is made under licence and from the formula of one of America's foremost cosmetic manufacturers. Made in two sizes.

Escapade
THE THOROUGHbred OF
LIPSTICKS



AT WINSOME'S SCHOOL
(DOMESTIC SCIENCE)
THEY'D EVERY MODERN
HOME APPLIANCE



HOWEVER, NOTHING
DAUNTED, SHE
MADE LIGHT OF
FARM-HOUSE DRUDGERY



AND THUS SHE VIEWED
WITH REAL ALARM
CONDITIONS ON
HER HUSBAND'S FARM



FOR AFTER ALL,
HARD WORK CAN'T HARM
THE HANDS THAT SOLVOL
HELPS TO CHARM

**ALL HANDS
TODAY
NEED -**



J. KITCHEN & SONS PTY. LTD.

S.84.04

Doing a man-sized job...



or out on a date...

She's lovely with Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips"



Doing a war job doesn't mean farewell to loveliness. Pond's Powder and Pond's "Lips" see to that. Pond's is the powder that goes on with such misty smoothness, and stays on. Pond's "Lips" give a beguiling colour accent that doesn't smudge or fade.

P.S. You should be able to buy Pond's "Lips" refills at your chemist or store. But now and then it may happen that supplies are temporarily short in your locality. Pond's are doing their best to keep everybody supplied, but wartime difficulties are sometimes beyond our control.

Pond's Powder Pond's "Lips"



YAWNING—AND STILL ADORABLE! Fay Lorraine Morgan was but a few hours old when this picture was taken. Top right: Fay and her mother, who is brimming over with happiness and joy. Lower right: Nurse Crawford, of Crown Street Women's Hospital, weighs Fay. Watch for further pictures and details of her progress and development.



WEAR WHITE SHOES with Brown Legs



This is the season of stockingless legs... of brown limbs and white shoes. And they must be white! They will be if you use SHU-MILK, the perfect cleanser for all white shoes. It removes the dirt, dries quickly, leaves a gleaming white surface that won't rub off. Have your shoes always smart, with Shu-Milk.



IN BOTTLES AND TUBES
60. AND 1/-

Shu-Milk
CLEANS ALL WHITE SHOES

KAYSER
-HOSIERY-
LINGERIE-GLOVES

HERE'S OUR NEW YEAR BABY

She was born in the first jubilant minutes of 1944. Her name is Fay Lorraine Morgan

Selected as a perfect specimen of healthy babyhood by Sister Mary Jacob, our Mothercraft Nurse, her progress and development will be recorded from month to month in The Australian Women's Weekly as a help and inspiration to mothers everywhere.

FAIR, blue-eyed Fay Lorraine Morgan was the first babe born on New Year's Day at Crown Street Women's Hospital.

This won her a beautiful layette from the hospital staff. She has also the honor of being the first babe born in the Jubilee Year of this great maternity hospital.

She is now home with her mother and proud 10-year-old brother at 28 Mehan Street, Granville, N.S.W. Her father, Pte. William Morgan, is in the A.I.F.

She was 7lb. 3oz. when born, which is a normal average birth-weight, so from the very beginning she should make steady progress of six to eight ounces each week.

Very big babies who have grown rapidly before birth usually do not make very big gains in weight at first, while tiny babies—6lb. and under—who are healthy usually put on more weight in the first weeks of life to enable them to catch up to the line.

Fay's mother will take her regularly to her baby health centre and will follow out all the simple rules of health for her wee daughter's safety and well-being.

Sister Mary Jacob will keep a watchful eye on Fay's progress through the first few years of her life.

She will pay periodical visits to Fay's home, and will co-operate with the sister in charge of the local

clinic, to which the babe will be regularly taken by her mother.

Fay will be put outside all day in suitable weather, and, like the flowers, will flourish in the fresh air and sunshine.

She will be fed, bathed, exercised regularly, so that in her early days she will become accustomed to a regular daily routine.

She will not be given a dummy! She will not be over-stimulated, handled too much, or spoilt in any way.

There will thus be a rhythm in her life—a state of being which gives the babe a greater sense of security, and is the beginning of character training.

She will, therefore, be the joy to her parents that every bonny healthy babe should be.

Her Record

Name: Fay Lorraine Morgan.
Born: January 1, 1944.
Weight: 7lb. 3oz.
Length: 22 inches.
Condition: Plump, healthy, normal babe.

tance to every expectant mother of availing herself of expert pre-natal advice at her nearest baby health centre, or one attached to the hospital to which she is going.

According to the matron, Miss E. M. Shaw, Fay Morgan is about the sixty-four thousandth babe to be born at the Crown Street Women's Hospital, which, as mentioned before, is celebrating its jubilee—50 years of service to the community.

Four hundred and three babies were born in December, an all-time record for one month.

SEE HER GROW!

WATCH the progress of a lovely 1944 baby born with an A1 health chart. Fay Lorraine Morgan will be reared under all the simple rules for perfect health by a happy, healthy mother.



TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

Coughing, Asthma, Bronchitis Curbed in 3 Minutes

Do you have attacks of Asthma or Bronchitis so bad that you can't sleep? Do you feel weak, unable to work, and have to be careful not to take cold and catch certain foods?

No matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried, there is new hope for you in a doctor's prescription called Mendaco. No dopes, no smokes, no injections, no stomies. All you do is take two tasteless tablets at meals and in 3 minutes Mendaco starts working through your blood, aiding nature to remove phlegm, promote free easy breathing, and bring sound sleep the first night so that you soon feel years younger and stronger.

No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco

GET RID OF DANDRUFF



Being hives in a large restaurant calls for good grooming—to in be constantly brushing dandruff off my shoulders was not exactly helpful to my pose.

To make matters worse, my hair started to come out. Nothing I tried did the slightest good. Then one night I saw an advertisement for Rexona Ointment.



For a week, I massaged Rexona into my scalp at bedtime and every morning gave it a thorough wash with Rexona Medicated Soap. This combined treatment worked wonders.



No longer am I embarrassed by dandruff when my head and shoulders come under close scrutiny. My hair is glossy and vigorous again.

THE RAPID HEALER Rexona

1/6 OINTMENT
Rexona's SIX healing medicaments make it the perfect remedy for all skin troubles.

0.57.32

HOMES and GARDENS

An English Monthly Magazine.

THIS attractive publication appeals to the whole family. Profusely illustrated, authoritative articles dealing with interior decorating, house-planning, both flower and vegetable gardening, fashions, knitting, and in addition, there is an outstanding fiction section. There are many pages in photography and others printed in two colour. In all it is one of the best publications you've ever read. The latest issue contains such contributors as Hector Bolitho, Pamela Hinchinson, Kenneth Howard, Dorothy Whipple, P. L. Traversa, and Trevor Allen.

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL NEWS-AGENTS AND BOOKSELLERS.
1/3 Per Copy.



TRADE MARK & PACKAGE ARE THE GUARANTEE OF QUALITY

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No Asthma in 2 Years

Mendaco not only brings almost immediate comfort and free breathing but builds up the system to ward off future attacks. For instance, J. Richards, Hamilton, Ont., Canada, had lost 40 lbs., suffered coughing every night, couldn't sleep. Mendaco

stopped Asthma spasms first night and he has had none since in over two years.

Money Back Guarantee

The very first dose of Mendaco goes right to work circulating through your blood and helping nature relieve you of the effects of Asthma. Try Mendaco under an iron-clad money back guarantee. You be the judge. If you don't feel fully satisfied after taking Mendaco, just return the empty package and the full purchase price will be refunded. Get Mendaco from your chemist to-day and see how well you sleep to-night and how much better you will feel to-morrow. The guarantee protects you.

RELIEVES ASTHMA

Mendaco
Now in 2 sizes . . 6/- and 12/-.

How's young Jack?



Doing fine . . .

putting on weight . . . growing fast!



Physique is largely what Nutrition makes it

Too many young Australians are underweight; quite often, this is a sign that they are undernourished or actually suffering from malnutrition.

This does not always mean they are not getting enough food. More than likely they are not getting the *right kind* of food.

Doctors who recently inspected the school children in one of our big city areas found that two children out of every three were suffering from sub-nutrition, one of them showing the positive effects of malnutrition.*

Happily, these ailing children can be cured quickly by eating a simple homely meal each day. This meal, which is known as the Oslo Lunch, contains the "protective" elements that the body needs. When kiddies have it regularly, they speedily regain their brightness, put on weight,

build up stamina and resistance to colds and other infections.

The Oslo Lunch consists of three slices of wholemeal bread, spread with butter and cheese, a glass of milk, an apple, orange, or salad vegetables.

The Oslo Lunch provides you with a good daily quota of vitamins, mineral salts, and other food essentials that you must have to be healthy.

* * *

This advertisement is sponsored by the Kraft Walker Cheese Co., as a contribution towards the building of a healthy nation and in appreciation of the work of the Opportunity Clubs in introducing the Oslo Lunch to Australia.

*Official statistics issued by the Hon. Medical Officer for Opportunity Clubs: Children found to be under weight: girls 62%, boys 57%; children definitely suffering from malnutrition, 29%.





NO APOLOGIES NEEDED for these two frugal dishes: Celery mince whirls made from the salvaged remains of joint, served piping hot with freshly cooked vegetables. Eat the parsley, too. The sweets are small crumb bitties, scooped and filled with apple jelly. Recipes on this page.

You should try these

RATION-SAVING RECIPES

● Many women must prepare annually 1095 meals! A little saved here and a little saved there can make a startling difference in total of time, money, and labor spent . . . Here's help for you!

IT'S a many-sided job, this business of stretching the food supply. There are two outstanding issues—the use of table left-overs and the duty of food salvage.

If the food is good the family will clear their plates and there is no need of concocting of left-over bits and pieces. The usual rule to minimize left-overs is by careful calculating of meal quantities, because freshly cooked food is more appetizing and usually more nutritious. Sometimes, however, it is more economical to cook a large joint instead of a small piece of meat, to stew a larger quantity of fruit rather than just enough for one meal, to buy extra bread for likely emergencies.

This is where kitchen cleverness and the left-over recipe file are necessary.

Consider, too, left-over foods that make the story of kitchen salvage: The dark, highly valuable outer leaves of salad greens that should be served as hot vegetables. The green tops of those Victory garden root vegetables, tender and succulent, that should be served with the hot dinner plate.

There are vegetable peelings of turnips, bean ends, pea-pods, that can go into the stock pot for soups and sauces. There are fruit peelings that make delicious summer drinks.

There are fat trimmings that must be rendered down for further use, and the fat drippings from meat that must be strained into the dripping pot. It's a poor housewife who is ever short of dripping. By the way, dripping, especially from beef, can eke out the butter ration; try dripping toast and seasoned dripping sandwiches.

All flavor must be extracted from meat bones and the bone remaining from a cooked joint by means of the stock pot. This will extend the flavor of meat to a mean in either soup, sauce, or savory.

Food salvage is extended to cookery methods, too. Don't pour vegetable liquid down the drain. In meat cookery remember low-temperature cooking is necessary for minimum shrinkage of meat.

Meat baked or boiled quickly loses up to one-third its weight, and so serves for fewer portions than slowly cooked meat.

Not one drop of milk must be wasted. Milk turned sour by weather or on account of local surplus can be made into cream cheese or used for mixing batters, scones, cakes, and puddings.

CELERY MINCEMEAT WHIRLS

Two cups minced meat (cooked), 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 dessertspoon minced onion, 1 cup left-over sauce or gravy, pepper and salt, 6oz. short pastry.

Combine meat, celery, breadcrumbs, onion, and sauce. Heat to mix well, season and cool. Roll pastry to thin oval shape. Spread with meat mixture. Roll and cut with a sharp knife into thin slices. Place on baking tray and cook in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 15 minutes. Serve hot. For four to six.

CARAMEL OATMEAL PUDDING

One and a half cups cooked oatmeal, 1 cup brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 3 apples, 1 tablespoon butter or margarine.

Peel and slice apples (skin and cores can be used for apple water or jelly). Saute in butter and sugar until lightly browned. Place

alternate layers of apple and oatmeal in a greased oven tableware dish. The cooked oatmeal should if necessary be moistened or heated to spreading consistency. Sprinkle top with brown sugar and cinnamon. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) about 20 minutes. For four.

SAVORY CORN FRITTERS

Half cup flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 1/2 cups finely minced meat, 1 1/2 cups cooked corn stripped from cob, 1 egg, little milk.

Sift flour, baking powder, salt, and pepper. Combine with meat and corn. Mix to a thick batter with beaten egg and milk. Drop by spoonfuls into fuming hot fat. Cook until golden brown. Drain and serve hot with parsley sauce. For four.

STEAMED CRUMB BETTY

One cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 teaspoon grated lemon or orange rind, 1 tablespoon melted butter or margarine or good beef dripping, 1 egg, 1 cup milk, 1 cup water, 2 tablespoons marmalade, jam or jelly.

Combine breadcrumbs, sugar, orange or lemon rind, water, and milk, and stand for half an hour or longer. Beat in the whipped egg and fat. Pour into four small individual moulds and steam for 30 minutes. Turn out and top with jam or jelly. May be baked instead of steamed. For four.

STEAMED QUAKER PUDDING

Two cups breadcrumbs, 1 1/2 tablespoons finely shredded fresh orange or lemon peel, 1 cup milk, 2 tablespoons treacle, 1 cup melted margarine or dripping, 1 teaspoon spice, 1 teaspoon baking powder.

Soak the crumbs with milk for an hour. Beat until smooth. Stir in the treacle, fat, spice, and baking powder and beat well. Stir in flour, adding a little extra milk to mix to a smooth, thick batter. Add orange rind. Pour into greased basin, cover, and steam 3 hours. Serve with marmalade or fruit sauce.

SAVORY LUNCHEON LOAF

One cup white sauce, 1 cup cooked green beans, 1 cup grated carrot, 1 dessertspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup soft breadcrumbs, 1 cup minced meat (raw or cooked), pepper and salt, and few drops of Worcestershire or sharp plum sauce, 2 table-spoons browned breadcrumbs.

Combine sauce, vegetables, breadcrumbs, meat, and seasonings. Grease a small loaf tin, sprinkle thickly with browned crumbs. Pile in the mixture, which should be soft but not too wet. Bake in a moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 30 minutes. Serve hot or cold. For four.

WASTE NOT, WANT NOT

AMERICAN research has proved 79 per cent. of the contents of refuse pails is composed of fruits and vegetables. Careful marketing of calculated quantities, correct storage, and knowledgeable methods of cookery are necessary to cheat the garbage bin.

Spread out soft varieties of fruit and store UNWASHED in coolest spot available. Plan menus to use quickly cheap, well-ripened fruits. Wash salad greens first if storing in refrigerator, and cook all outer leaves as for spinach.

HOT MEAT CHARLOTTE

Six to 8 slices of stale bread, 1 cup breadcrumbs, 1 cup cooked minced meat, 1 tablespoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped parsley, 1 cup mixed grated carrot and turnip, 1 cup milk or stock (meat or vegetable), good beef dripping, pepper and salt.

Spread bread with the beef dripping and season. Cut into fingers. Line a small cake tin with the bread fingers, greased side to tin. Place breadcrumbs, meat, and vegetables in seasoned layers in the tin. Pour meat or stock over all and cover with remaining fingers of bread. Bake in a moderate oven (350 deg. F.) for about 40 minutes. Turn out and serve piping hot with brown gravy and greens. For four to six.

AMERICAN MEAT SHORTCAKE

Two cups cooked minced meat, 1 onion, 1 tomato, about 1 cup thick brown gravy, pepper and salt, 4oz. self-raising flour, 1 teaspoon butter, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon pepper, 1 cup milk.

Grease an 8in. sandwich tin thickly with dripping. Slice the onion very thinly. Slice the tomato fairly thickly. Place onion slices on bottom of tin. Season with pepper and salt. Cover with tomato. Season again. Cover with meat and gravy mixture. Sift flour, salt, and pepper. Rub in butter and mix to a soft dough with the milk. Knead lightly, press to shape of tin, and cut into 4 wedges. Place on top of meat. Cook in a hot oven (450 deg. F.) for 20 minutes. Turn out and serve at once, piping hot. Top with chopped parsley. For four.

RHUBARB CRUMB GRIDDLE CAKES

One cup fine breadcrumbs, 1 cup flour, 1 tablespoon sugar, dash of nutmeg, 1 cup finely diced rhubarb very lightly cooked and drained, sour milk to mix, honey.

Combine breadcrumbs and rhubarb, sugar and flour. Add nutmeg or cinnamon. Mix to a thick batter with milk. Stand half an hour. Cook spoonfuls of a hot, greased griddle, turning to brown. Serve hot, glazed with honey. For four.

VEGETABLE MAYONNAISE

With Cheese Bran Bread

Two cups chopped cooked vegetables, 1 cup white sauce seasoned with lemon juice, grated cheese, pepper and salt and mustard if available, or 1 cup of salad dressing, chopped parsley, crisp lettuce leaves or wedges.

Combine vegetables and seasoned sauce or dressing. Pile into lettuce leaves or pile in centre of salad dish, and surround with crisp seasoned lettuce wedges. Serve very cold with sliced cheese bread.

For the Cheese Bran Bread: Sift 1 cup self-raising flour, mix with 1 cup bran, rub in 1 dessertspoon butter and 2 table-spoons grated cheese, 1 teaspoon salt and dash of pepper. Mix to a wet dough with a beaten egg and milk. Place in greased nut-loaf tin and bake in moderate oven (375 deg. F.) for 40 minutes.

TAKEN FOR A RIDE...



W.882



THERE ARE MORE WAYS THAN ONE of making a meat-burger. Here large flat burgers are topped with hot potato and onion salad. Serve freshly made.

More winners

● Readers supply prize recipes that do not strain the budget—or the ration book. You'll like them!

USE late summer and autumn marrows, melons, chokoes, and pumpkins not only as dinner vegetables and in savory entrees, but in jams and preserves, and in pies and tarts and sweet custards.

Use lemon to give them piquancy, spice with discretion, but do not lose the tantalising delicacy of their flavor. Sweeten with syrup, honey, or brown sugar.

If you have a family of hungry boys, try satisfying their appetites with the liver and onion pudding, or serve the gooseberry pudding after a light meat course.

SWEET MARROW PIE

One medium-sized marrow, a little golden syrup or sugar, mixed spice, cinnamon or nutmeg, a few currants or sultanas.

For Pastry: 8oz. flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder, 3oz. to 4oz. fat, pinch of salt, water to mix.

Peel and cut up marrow. Cook in a little water till tender, adding just enough golden syrup or sugar to sweeten and spice to flavor nicely. When tender, drain and put in a pie dish with sultanas or currants. Leave to cool. To make pastry, mix flour, baking powder, and salt together, rub in fat, and mix to stiff dough with cold water. Roll out and cover pie. Bake in a fairly hot oven until the pastry is cooked. If liked, a ginger flavor can be used or a little lemon essence in place of cinnamon.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Swanson, 240 Barker St., Randwick, N.S.W.

JUNKET FLUFF

Make a junket and leave until firm. Beat the white of an egg to a stiff froth, and stir in lightly one tablespoon of sugar and a little essence. Pile this fluff on the junket and serve at once.

With cream unprocurable, I find Junket Fluff makes a welcome and



SALAD ROUTINE is a "must" in a health programme. This medley salad includes the essential Vitamin A in its carrots and yellow melon, and anti-infection C in its fresh greens, tomato, and fruit.

delicious addition to stewed fruits, jellies, etc.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. W. Heinz, 69 Ware St., Fairfield, N.S.W.

A MEAL IN A MARROW

Take a long vegetable marrow, cut off one end, and remove the seeds. Put the following through the mincer: 1 carrot, 1 potato, 1 onion, and any kind of left-over meal. Add gravy, also a sprinkle of herbs, and pepper and salt to taste, bind together with 1 egg. Stuff marrow and replace end that was cut off.

Now take a sharp knife, and mark marrow into inch-thick slices, being careful not to cut it right through. Bake about 1 hour. Serve piping hot in neat slices.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Rankin, 211 Catherine St., Leichhardt, N.S.W.

THE NERVOUS CHILD

By SISTER MARY JACOB

ALL mothers have to exercise infinite tact, patience, and understanding in the management of their children, but more especially in the care and upbringing of the hypersensitive, nervous child.

Nervous children show their fears in many little ways. . . Some are afraid of the dark, some stutter, some bite their nails, some are shy, reluctant to join in play with other children, fidgety at the table.

A leaflet explaining the best way of combating nervousness in small children has been prepared by our Mothercraft Service Bureau, and will be forwarded to you if a request, with a stamped, addressed envelope, is sent to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney. Please endorse your envelope, "Mothercraft."



I was crippled with Backache and Rheumatism, but since I've been taking Ford Pills regularly I am marvellously better. I am very grateful—I feel so wonderfully well.

Ford Pills are marvellous for Rheumatism, Indigestion, Constipation, and Stomach troubles. They contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

Start a course of Ford Pills to-day.

Get Ford Pills in the new Red-and-Gold unbreakable tubes for 2/6 and 1/- every-where.

2/6 tubes hold more than three times the 1/- tubes.

FORD PILLS



CRISP PASTRY CASE and plums with a sweetened arrowroot glaze for this plum flan. Try a hint of spice and lemon in pastry. Serve very cold.

GOOSEBERRY OATMEAL PUDDING

One pound gooseberries, 1 cup sugar, 2 level tablespoons cornflour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup water.

Topping: 1 cup flour, 2 level teaspoons baking powder, 1 cup rolled oats, 1 egg, 1 cup milk or water, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup melted fat (or butter), 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon grated nutmeg.

Wash, top, and tail gooseberries. Cover with boiling water and let stand 5 minutes. Drain, and add the half-cup water and boil for 2 minutes. Mix the sugar with cornflour and salt and stir into gooseberries.

For the Topping: Mix and sift flour and baking powder, then add oats. Combine egg, milk, sugar, and fat. Mix lightly into dry ingredients. Add flavoring, then spread mixture over boiling gooseberries and cover closely.

Continue cooking over low flame for 30 minutes without lifting cover. Turn upside down on a serving dish and serve hot with custard. Separate with 2 forks rather than cut, as the mixture is very light and delicate. It is important not to lift the lid during cooking, and to keep a very low heat, to ensure feathery lightness.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. W. Alsop, 15 Queen St., Goodwood Park, S.A.



MAKINGS OF A WELL-ROUNDED MEAL. . . raised meat pie, fresh green salad, light bread-crumbs and fruit betty. Try liver in pie, vinegar dressing with salad.

SAVORY PUDDING

Three-quarter pound self-raising flour, add pinch salt, and stir in sufficient water to make a soft dough. Cut up liver and flour it well. Chop onions and dice potatoes; mix liver, onions, potatoes, and sage and seasoning. Roll out two-thirds of dough, and line a greased basin. Fill up with prepared ingredients, adding more potatoes if not well filled. Pour in water to half-fill basin. Dampen edges and cover with remainder of dough. Cover with greased paper and pudding cloth, and boil for 3 hours.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. T. O. Turner, Narrawee, Bingara Rd., Bundarra, N.S.W.

MOCK PEARS

Four young chokoes, 1 cup sugar, 2 cups water, 4 drops cochineal, 2 teaspoons arrowroot.

Peel chokoes under water, cut in four, remove seed. Put into a saucepan with water and sugar, and boil for 1 hour. Dissolve arrowroot in a little cold water and add to contents. Boil for another two minutes after the arrowroot is added. Take off, allow to cool, then add cochineal.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Pat McDonald, 4 Cathedral St., West Maitland, N.S.W.



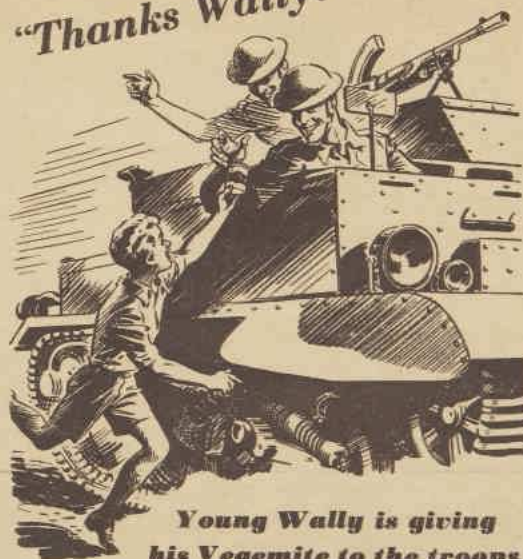
How an AGEE PYREX Casserole became A CRUCIBLE OF WAR!

Shedding their domesticity Agee Pyrex casseroles have allowed themselves to be thrown into the melting pot . . . to emerge in strange, new guise as blood bank containers, retorts, dispensary equipment, ampoules, scientific apparatus. But because the resources of Crown Crystal Glass have always been planned with a view to emergencies, it has been possible to meet the demands of war without interrupting your supply of Agee Pyrex. From the same plant have come not only the "crucibles of war," but the tableware-ovenware of peace.

AGEE PYREX
MARKETED BY CROWN CRYSTAL GLASS PTY. LTD.

Makers of vitally necessary dispensary, laboratory and clinical glassware for use by the fighting forces.

"Thanks Wally!"



Young Wally is giving his Vegemite to the troops

It may seem strange, but if you and your family use less Vegemite, you are actually helping the War Effort. Vegemite is needed for our fighting men. As you know, Vegemite is a concentrated extract of yeast, which contains three vital vitamins—B₁, B₂, and P.P. (the anti-pellagric factor). These three vitamins are essential to physical fitness—that is

why Vegemite is so necessary to our fighting men at home and overseas. So, if you notice less Vegemite in your local shop, just remember that until we have won this war, a lot of Vegemite will be going to the troops. And in helping them, you're helping Australia along the road to victory.



VEGEMITE

Fashion Frock Service

"VERONICA"

Charming Summer Frock in a Vivid Floral. Fashioned from a rich, glowing floral flat crepe with blues, reds, greens, or gold predominating, this little frock, with its heart-shaped neckline, firmly fitting bodice, and fully gathered skirt, is an ideal addition to the summer wardrobe.

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SAMUEL heard the cough, and eyed Mr. Bateman with all his feelings outraged. "What are you hawking about?"

F.A.D. shuffled nervously in his chair. "Er—nothing, sir. I was just wondering if I might be permitted to—"

Samuel brought his face close to the other's and thumped the desk. "You'll be permitted to keep your mouth shut. If you can't do that, I'll—"

Percival also turned to his employee, with the expression that is usually called "poker-face." "You were about to offer a suggestion?" he asked, softly.

"If there was no objection, sir."

"Well, there is an objection—"

said Percival.

"Too right, there is," barked Samuel.

"And if I've any occasion to require your assistance, Bateman," continued Mr. Scott, "I'll ask for it. Thank you all the same, but I'm quite sure that I should not be able to profit from any assistance that might be available at the present moment." Mr. Scott added cuttingly, as he took the knight.

"You're right there," observed Mr. Mantering, with a chuckle. "I don't think even Wallington could pull you out of the fix you're in."

Percival gave him a frank stare.

The Queen's Expedition

Continued from page 19

"I wasn't aware, sir," he said frostily, "that I had cause to worry about the state of the game."

"You will be aware, after this," said Samuel, grimly, proceeding to take the game into his own hands with a sudden swoop. "Get out of this if you can," he chuckled a few moments later, after another lightning swoop. With his next move, he called, "Mate."

For a few brief seconds Mr. Scott was stunned. Then he smiled, slowly extended his hand, and said, softly, "You're too good."

Mr. Mantering took the hand and held it with a firm pressure. "You're a good loser. As I said before, you're game. It's a quality I admire a lot."

"Thank you, sir. And now," said Mr. Scott, in his most business-like manner, "You own Scott's. I'll send for my solicitor to effect the transfer."

"I've already sent for mine," Samuel smiled at Mr. Scott's surprise. "If you remember, I wrote a note before we started the game."

"You must have been confident, sir, that you'd win."

"Course I was. Dyer think I'd have bet, otherwise?"

"Then you thought I had lied about drawing with the champion?"

"No, son, I didn't think you'd lied about that. I believed you, and I also believed you when you said you'd been playing only two years. I just couldn't see two years' experience beating fifty years. And that's why I bet."

"Mr. Deeds to see Mr. Mantering," announced a clerk.

Samuel introduced Mr. Deeds to Mr. Scott and then remarked: "I'll have a look over those papers, Deeds." He took the papers from the solicitor, and perceiving that First Assistant Drapery was on the point of leaving, stayed him.

"I want you, young feller. If you can't keep your mouth shut, I've a notion that you might be able to sign your name as a witness."

He read the papers carefully. "Good work, Deeds, and quick, too. I didn't think a lawyer could be so prompt," he chuckled.

Mr. Deeds smiled tolerantly. "It's a pleasure to expedite any business of yours, Sam."

"Thanks," said Samuel. "Now, young Scott, just cast your eye over those papers."

Mr. Scott duly cast his eyes over them, but from his expression, they might have been written in Greek. With fish-like eyes, he stared at Mr. Mantering.

"Really, I don't understand," he said weakly.

"You can read, can't you?" asked Samuel impatiently. "I told Deeds to make it out without any legal frills, but evidently he didn't, although I found it lucid enough. Just what part of it can't you understand?"

"Well, sir, I understand it all right, but I can't see any reason for it. Why, it amounts to—your giving me a partnership in Mantering's and Scott's." He paused and added, "I'm paying nothing for it."

MANNERING took him up quickly. "Yes, you are. You're paying Scott's, stock, fittings, and goodwill."

"But, I don't own Scott's. Didn't I stake it and lose it?" asked Percival impatiently.

"Did you?" Samuel inquired. "You got any writings to prove that?"

"No."

"Well, then," said Mr. Mantering, "it isn't legal, and, anyhow, I couldn't imagine you being so imprudent as to do such a thing."

Percival looked at him helplessly.

"But—I can't do this, sir. It isn't fair. I can't do anything in return."

"Aha! can't you?" said Samuel grimly. "That's just what you can do. You can stay in town, and play me chess; and as you can't play chess very well, I can teach you, can't I?"

"But—"

"I don't want any more buts," Samuel stormed. "Twenty years I've been waiting to find someone who'd at least learn the moves, and do you think I'm going to let the chance slip? Do you agree," he roared, "or don't you?"

"Oh, I agree, sir," said Mr. Scott, faintly.

"Then sign!" bellowed Mr. Mantering.

Percival signed.

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Escapade in Martinique

Continued from page 4

THEN he saw Caroline Vauban by the railing of the verandah; and he saw with a catch of his breath that she was lovely in the pearl-colored light of the morning. After a moment he walked to her.

"I shall go with you to the duelling ground," she said.

He shook his head. "No."

"It is useless to speak, I shall go with you."

"You forget," he said quickly. "You forget that you hate me—you forget the contract. Don't you see that this provides a solution for you? If Poussin—he hesitated—removes me—"

The words seemed for a moment to hang in the air. Caroline stood

with her eyes wide and a mask of calmness on her face. The tension broke then, abruptly, and her shoulders were trembling violently; and in that instant Nicolas de Goncourt took her in his arms and kissed her.

"You needn't be alarmed," he said. Her hand fell into his and he held it gently. She said, "I love you. You shall not go without me."

Then the carriage wheeled round the drive and Nicolas de Goncourt nodded and said "Come," and they got inside. They slipped down the hill and across the city toward the plain at the head of the bay; in time the carriage stopped under a bower of bright trees, and there were several other carriages there, more than there should have been. "The Governor's carriage!" Caroline Vauban said.

"You stay here," Nicolas de Goncourt commanded. "Wait here in the carriage."

The formal words touching upon the sanctity of the field of honor were spoken; then Jules Poussin, smiling haughtily, said, "I do not force you to fight, monsieur. You still have opportunity to offer apology."

But Nicolas de Goncourt did not answer. A controlled rage occupied him.

"On guard!" Jules Poussin cried. The blades met, clicked; Jules Poussin flung himself violently into attack. But the guard of Nicolas de Goncourt was like a wall of stone. He stepped with the nimbleness of a panther—or of a dancing master. His eyes did not leave the right hand of Jules Poussin. For the length of a minute his tactics were entirely defensive. Then he said: "You fence like a trained bear, M

Poussin. You have no grace." And a moment later, "I'll concede you strength, my friend—the strength of a bear, a bull. But you should confine yourself to fighting with a club—"

He sidestepped with the speed of light and brought up the tip of his blade to slit—from shoulder to elbow—the loose sleeve of M. Poussin's silk jacket. He did not touch the flesh. The sleeve fell open.

"Do you really take yourself seriously, M. Poussin?" Nicolas de Goncourt cried. And, for the first time, he laughed. But not pleasantly. "The time of my breakfast approaches," he said. "I grow short of patience. Let us have done with this buffoonery!"

The steel sang with the blow of forte on folbie. In the carriage, where she sat watching, Caroline choked back a cry as Poussin's blade fell to the ground. Poussin stood with hands lifted as if to shield his face—and his face grey and distorted.

Nicolas de Goncourt wheeled and stepped quickly across the field toward the carriage. He saw, from the corner of his eye, that one man broke from the ranks of the witnesses and followed him. He knew the man instantly—de Pouancey, Governor of the colony. He had not forgotten, through the years, the gamecock bearing of his uncle; the almost comical jauntiness of his shoulders. Nor had he forgotten that beneath the flamboyant exterior de Pouancey was as hard and as sharp as the point of a diamond. At the step of the carriage Nicolas de Goncourt paused.

Caroline Vauban was at the open door. Her hand gripped Nicolas de Goncourt's sleeve.

"Mademoiselle—" de Pouancey said, smiling and bowing. And then he added, drawing himself up. "Nicolas de Goncourt, your aunt's Eve said it, your uncle's have said it, and I say it. You are a scoundrel!"

"How," Nicolas de Goncourt responded evenly, "did you know my name?" He felt Caroline Vauban's eyes upon him; and he was aware that she was frowning.

Then de Pouancey went on: "I should in any case have known that yellow hair, which was also your father's hair—and the undoing of your father, if I may say so, where the ladies of the court were concerned." His mouth twitched faintly. "But in solemn fact, I am here because Captain Bec-Prudhomme of the ship Renne took too many bottles in the Cafe du Cours last evening. He had a story to tell in confidence—and the story was carried to me. A story touching upon Nicolas de Goncourt and one Blaise Lorrain, deceased—"

Caroline Vauban's voice broke in. "Who are you then?" she cried.

It was de Pouancey who replied. "My nephew," he said grimly. "And, as I have remarked, a scoundrel. Hark to me, mademoiselle: He sought to evade my just supervision. It is my intention to show him the error of his ways. Will you both take breakfast with me in the administrative mansion?"

"But, messire—" said Nicolas de Goncourt.

"Call me uncle," the Governor said.

Nicolas de Goncourt looked into the puzzled eyes of Caroline Vauban. He said: "You must allow me to explain. Will you come to have breakfast with us?"

"Did you think I would do otherwise?" she made answer, adding "Nicolas," strangely.

Then she stepped into the carriage. "After you, dear uncle," Nicolas de Goncourt said. The Governor surveyed him sternly, then surprisingly grinned.

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